

Hymnals 222-227
Psalmodia Germanica;

OR, A

SPECIMEN

OF

Divine HYMNS,

Translated from the

High Dutch.

Together with

Their Proper TUNES and
Thorough BASS.

Psalm CVIII. V. 3.

*I will give Thanks unto thee, O Lord! among
the People: I will sing Praises unto thee among
the Nations.*

L O N D O N

Printed, and Sold by J. Young in St. Paul's Church-
yard. M. Smith at Bishop Beveridge's Head in Pater-
noster-Row, W. Smith at the Orange-Tree near St. Clement's
Church. 1722.



T H. B. following sheets
exhibit a Translation
of Rhinoceros, read in the
Native



T O

Their Royal Highnesses,

Princess *ANNE*,

Princess *AMALIA*,

A N D

Princess *CAROLINA*,

May it please YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESSES.

T H E following Sheets
exhibit a Translation
of *Psalmody*, used in the
A Native

The Dedication.

Native Country of YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESSES, which (as well as other Protestant Countries) is blessed with those Spiritual Hymns, to the frequent Use whereof the Apostle doth so solemnly exhort.

As a sincere Desire to promote Divine *Psalmody* has prompted me to this Translation; so I presume to address the same, such as it is, to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESSES, for no other End, than to promote thereby the Singing the Praises of our blessed Redeemer; which, if duly perform'd, will undoubtedly be accompany'd
with

The Dedication.

with a Foretaste of that
celestial Joy, wherewith
those for ever shall be re-
plenish'd, that are redeem'd
from among Men, and fol-
low the Lamb, whitherso-
ever he goeth.

May the *Lord Jesus*, the
great Lover of Souls, pre-
pare YOUR ROYAL HIGH-
NESSES tender Hearts for so
Divine an Exercise, in
keeping them untainted
from the fading and base
Pleasures of a profane
World. May he more and
more sanctify Your Will
and Affections, by the con-
tinued Influence of His
Grace, that after you have
A 2 sung

The Dedication.

fung his Glory and Praises
here in Time, You may
sing 'em also hereafter to
all Eternity ! Which is the
constant Prayer of,

May it please Your Royal Highnesses,

Your Royal Highnesses

Most dutiful and most

Humbly devoted Servant,

John Christian Jacobi.

T H E



THE
P R E F A C E
TO THE
R E A D E R.



MANY of the British Nation, having heard the sacred Psalmody, us'd in the German Congregations at London, have wish'd to see the same done into English, and set to the same Tunes and Metre, wherein they were originally compos'd.

*To gratify this pious Desire, a Specimen is publish'd now taken from some Thousands of Hymns, wherewith the German Psalmody abounds. There are Hymns compos'd on all the Articles
of*

The Preface.

of Faith, as well as on all the Gospel-Duties rais'd thereon. There is also an agreeable Variety of Hymns, suited to the anniversary Festivals and other accidental Fasts and Feasts of the Church ; likewise of Morning and Evening Hymns ; so that a Lover of Psalmody may entertain his singing Faculty either rising, or going to Bed, at Work, or at Ease, at Home, or abroad, and thus upon all Occasions trim his Lamp with the Oyl of Devotion, and sweeten the Calamities of this mortal Life with the lively Hope of an approaching Redemption from all Evil.

The present Specimen hopes for a charitable Allowance from those, that may happen to use it. A Version of this Kind lies under various Disadvantages, known only to those, who in any Degree are acquainted, with any Poetical Translations of this Kind. A great Deal is lost of the Life and Spirit of an Hymn, when it appears in another Language.

I have

The Preface.

I have, with the Leave of the Reverend Mr. Watts, transcrib'd one entire Hymn out of his *Horæ Lyricæ*, upon the Nativity of Christ, and the 127 Psalm, out of his new Translation; both which agree so well with our German Composures on those Subjects, that I made bold to try, how a good English Verse, set to a German Tune, might be relish'd by a British Singer.

Several German Tunes, viz. those of the 100, 112, 113, and 125 Psalms, are found in the famous Mr. Playford's Books of Psalms. Those Tunes probably were brought over from Germany by some of the first Reformers, and afterwards naturaliz'd in England. These are inserted here among the Rest, only with the Variation of the 100 Psalm Tune, into Triple Time, which seems more chearfully to express the Subject of a Michaelmas-Hymn, than Common Time.

The

have

The Preface.

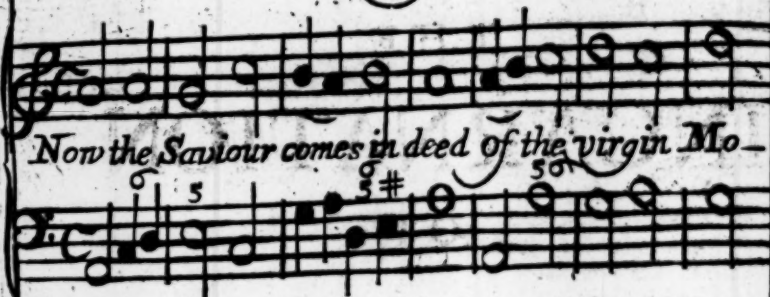
The Variety of these Tunes, are generally adapted to the Variety of Subjects, though of the same Metre, so that the Mind may be differently affected, according to the Concord and Harmony the Tune bears to the Text.

If the Lover of Psalmody, can find in these Hymns an edifying Sunday's Entertainment, which, it seems, has hitherto been too much wanting in Abundance of Families, the Translator will think his Time well bestow'd, and be glad to see all the jarring Discords of Hatred and Self-love resolv'd at last into the heavenly Concords of mutual Love and Affection. If this be not effected here below, we shall never be worthy to hear the glorious Anthems of the Seraphic Quire above.

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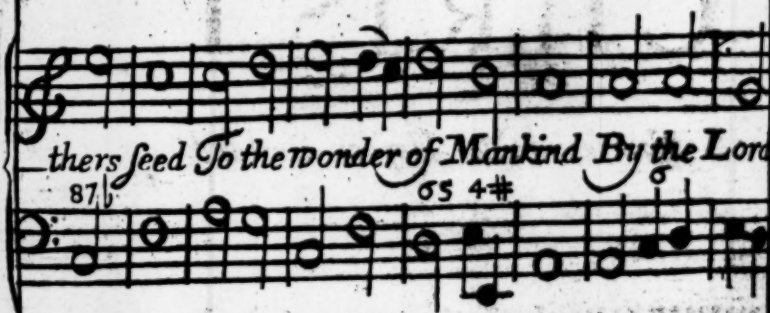
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Advent Hymn



Now the Saviour comes in deed of the virgin Mo-

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thers seed To the wonder of Mankind By the Lord

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himself de-sign'd

5# 4# 2# 5 5



THE
INCARNATION
OF
CHRIST.

Nun komm der Heyden Heyland.

I.

NOW the Saviour comes indeed
Of the Virgin-Mother's Seed,
To the Wonder of Mankind,
By the Lord himself design'd.

II.

Not begot like Men unclean,
But without the Stain of Sin;
In our Nature God was born
Us to save, who were forlorn.

B

III. Though

2 *The Incarnation of CHRIST.*

III.

Though the Virgin was with Child,
Chastity prov'd undefil'd ;
All the Female Vertues here
Were inthron'd, for God was there.

IV.

From his Chambers forth he went,
Left the Glorious Element ;
And like God and Hero-Man
He his blessed Course began.

V.

Coming from his Father's Breast,
He return'd to him at last ;
He descending into Hell
Triumph'd without Parallel.

VI.

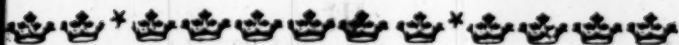
Thou, who God-like every Way,
Carry thy victorious Sway
In the Flesh to such a Length,
That we gain thy Godly Strength.

VII.

Lord, thy Crib shines bright and clear,
Lightens Night both far and near :
Let no Darkness cloud this Light,
That our Faith be always bright.

VIII.

Glory to the God of Love !
Glory to his Son above !
Glory to the Holy Ghost !
Blessed Three, for ever most.



Wie soll ich dich empfangen.

To the Tune: *Commit thy Ways and Goings.*

I.

HOW shall I meet my Saviour?
How shall I welcome Thee?
What Manner of Behaviour
Is now requir'd of me?
Lord, thine Illumination
Set Heart and Hands aright,
That this my Preparation
Be pleasing in thy Sight.

II.

Thy Sion's strowing Flowers
For Thee to tread upon;
I'll raise with all my Powers
More Notes than Unison,
To praise the King of Glory
With Psalms of Melody,
To improve the Sacred Story
In Rhimes and Harmony.

III.

What hast thou not devised,
Lord! to retrieve my Loss,
When I was so disguised
By Sin, and Hellish Dross;
The Sense of lost Salvation
Quite drove me to Despair,
But thy own Incarnation
Brought my Redemption near.

Wie

IV.

I lay in Fetters groaning,
 Thou cam'st to set me free ;
 My shame I was bemoaning,
 With Grace thou cloathest me
 And raifest me to Glory,
 Endowest me with thy Blifs,
 Which is not transitory
 As worldly Treasure is.

V.

What caus'd thy Incarnation ?
 What brought Thee down to me ?
 The Love to my Salvation
 Contriv'd my Liberty.
 O Love, beyond Expression !
 Wherewith thou dost embrace
 Mankind in its Digression
 From Thee, the Source of Grace.

VI.

Let this Consideration
 Chear up your troubled Heart,
 Ye Sons of Desolation !
 That feel the sinful Smart ;
 Take Courage, your Salvation
 Stands waiting at the Door,
 The Gospel Consolation
 Is nearer than before.

VII.

You need not strive nor labour
 With any Human Strength
 To draw his Love and Favour
 To your desired Length ;

The Incarnation of CHRIST.

5

He comes and shews how willing
He is to bless you all,
The Law he is fulfilling
To save you from the Fall.

VIII.

He not cast down, nor frightened
At Sin, tho' ne'er so great;
No! Jesus is delighted
Your greatest Guilt t'abate.
He comes to raise all Sinners
From Death to Life and Bliss,
And make us new Beginners
To taste what *JESUS* is.

IX.

You dare not fear the Clamour
Of Satan and his Clan,
The Word, his pow'rful Hammer,
Destroys their wicked Plan.
He comes as King of Glory,
Whose Nod confounds their Host;
He carries all before ye,
And baffles all their Boast.

X.

He comes to pass his Sentence
On all his Enemies,
But those of True Repentance
Shall meet with Love and Peace.
Come Prince of Grace and Wonder!
Fetch thy beloved Home,
Reveal thy Glories yonder,
Thy longing Spouse says: Come!

The



The Nativity of CHRIST.

Gelobet seystu Jesu Christ.

I.

DUE Praises to th' incarnate Love
Manifested from above !
All Men and Angels now adore,
What we, nor they have seen before. *Hallelujah*

II.

The blessed Father's only Son
Chose a Manger for his Throne :
In this our Nature's Flesh and Blood,
Was cloathed God th' eternal Good. *Hallelujah*

III.

Who had the World at his Command,
Wants his Mother's swadling Band,
Th' Almighty Word vouchsafes to be
A little Child like Thee and me. *Hallelujah*

IV.

Th' eternal Splendor shews his Sight,
Gives the World its saving Light,
And drives the Clouds of Sin away,
To make us Children of the Day. *Hallelujah*

V. Th

On the Birth of Christ

ST,

Due Praises to th'incarnate Love ma ni

Halleluj

festes from above all men and Angels

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now adore what we nor they have seen be-

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The Nativity of CHRIST.

7

V.

he Father's Son, by Nature God,
ook amongst us his Abode,
And open'd through this World of Strife
A Way to everlasting Life. *Hallelujah.*

VI.

Poverty he came on Earth,
o enrich us by his Birth,
And make us Heirs of endless Blifs,
Like all the Darling-Saints of his. *Hal.*

VII.

l this was done that he might prove,
hat's the Greatness of his Love;
Which makes al! Christians joyn to sing
Praise to our New-born God and King. *Hal.*



Mel :



Mel: Lobt Gott ihr Christen all zugleich.

I.

Shepherds rejoyce, lift up your Eyes
And send your Fears away!
News from the Region of the Skies:
Salvation's born to Day Salvation's born to Day.

II.

Jesus, the God, whom Angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you;
To Day he makes his Entrance here,
But not as Monarchs do.

III.

No Gold nor Purple swadling Bands,
Nor Royal shining Things;
A Manger for his Cradle stands,
And holds the King of Kings.

IV.

Go, Shepherds! where this Infant lies,
And see his humble Throne,
With Tears of Joy in all your Eyes,
Go, Shepherds! kiss the Son.

V.

Thus Gabriel sang, and strait around
The heav'nly Armies throng;
They tune their Harps to lofty Sound,
And thus conclude the Song:

VI. Glory

On the Birth of Christ

leich.

Shepherds rejoyce lift up your Eyes and send your

Day.

Fears away news from the Regions of the skies sal

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Glory

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The Ministry of Christ

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VI.

Glory to God, that reigns above !
Let Peace surround the Earth :
Mortals shall know their Maker's Love,
At their Redeemer's Birth.

VII.

Lord, and shall Angels have their Songs,
And Men no Tunes to raise ?
O! may we lose our uselefs Tongues,
When they forget to praise.

VIII.

Glory to God that reigns above !
That pity'd us forlorn :
We join to sing our Maker's Love,
For there's a Saviour born.



C

On

On New-Years Day.

Das alte Jahr vergangen ist.

I.

WITH this New Year we raise new Songs
To praise the Lord with Hearts and
For his Support in Troubles past, (Tongues
Wherewith our Life was overcast.

II.

To Thee, Lord CHRIST, we humbly press,
To send us from the Throne of Grace,
Thy constant Aid this Instant Year,
To serve Thee with a Filial Fear.

III.

Thy Truth let never hence depart,
Which is the Comfort of our Heart,
False Doctrine, and Idolatry,
Remove from Christianity.

IV.

Thy Spirit keep us free from Sin;
Create us quite a-new within:
Remember no Transgressions past,
Thy Mercy all our Years outlast.

V.

Grant us to lead a Christian Life,
And when we leave this World of Strife,
Then raise us to that joyful Day,
Where thou wilt wipe all Tears away.

VI.

Then shall thy Praise a-new begin,
Without th' Allay of Self and Sin;
Increase, O Lord, our Faith and Love,
Till thou reveal'st thy Face above.

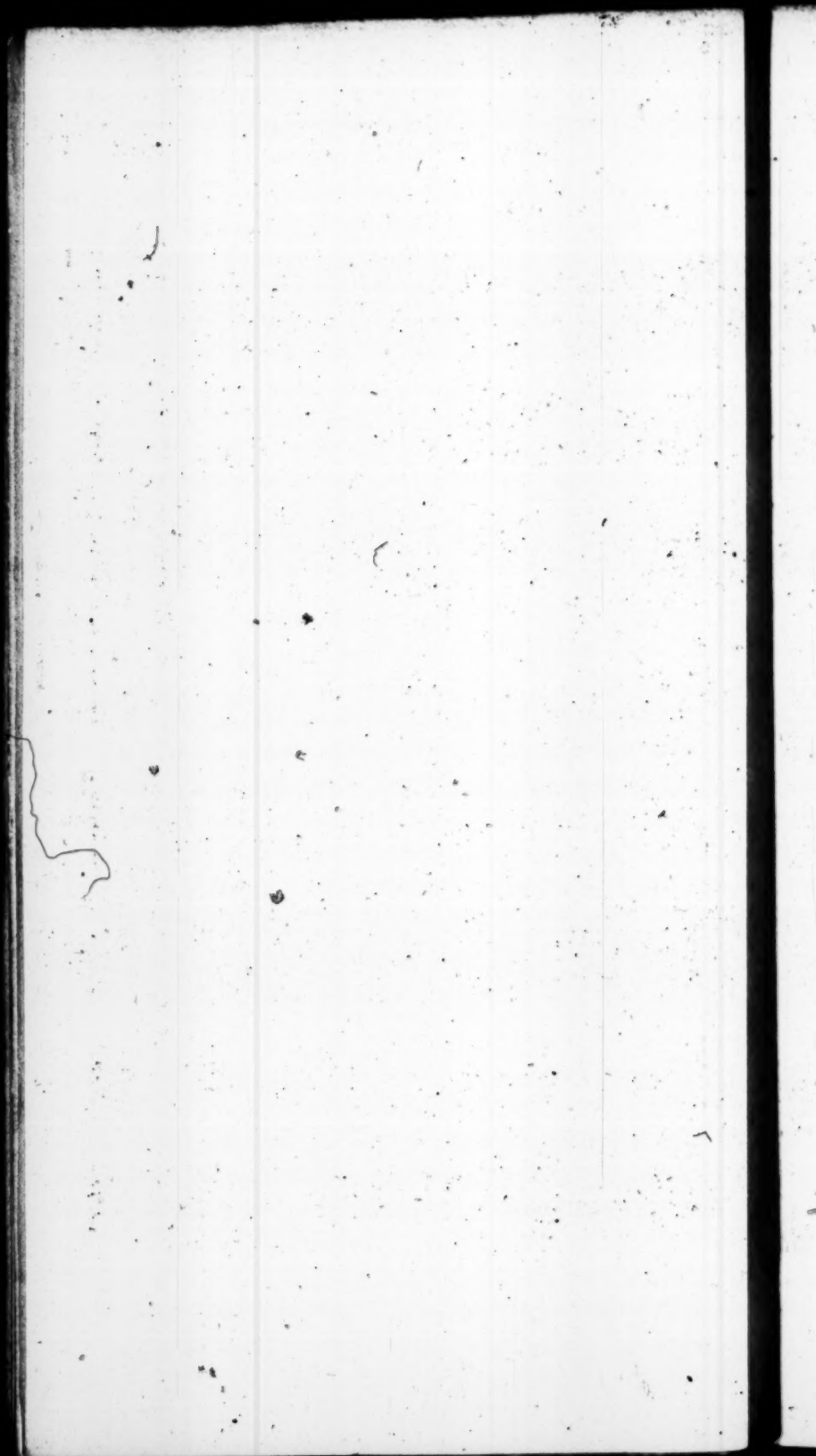
On New Years Day

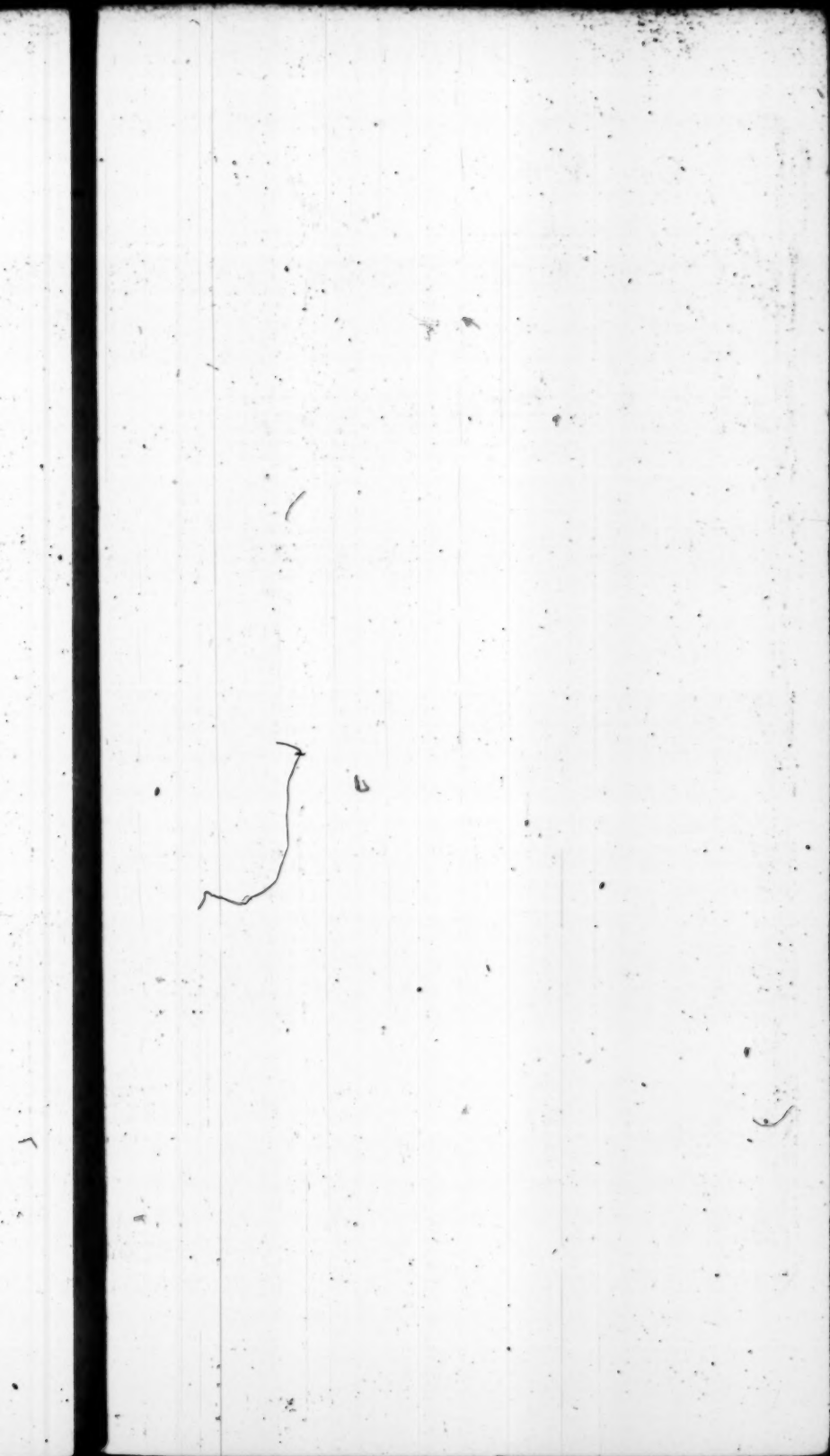
With this new Year we raise new Songs

To Praise the Lord with Hearts and Tongues

for his support in Troubles past where with

our life was o-ver cast





On New Years Day

{ Ye Christians in this Nation come all and
Our Ma-kers preser-vation in Joyfull

praise with me } Ev'n at this present
Har-mo-ny }

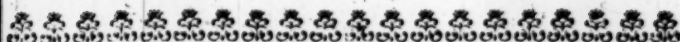
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Helfft mir Gottes Güte preisen.

I.

YE Christians in this Nation !
Come all, and praise with me
Our Maker's Preservation,
In joyful Harmony,
Even at this present Time,
When we new date our Season,
And have the greatest Reason
To love our Lord Divine,

II.

Repeat with true Devotion
The Wonders of his Grace,
Let no unhallow'd Notion
Destroy our Thankfulness,
But still remember well,
That this Year's Renovation
Renews our Obligation
To fight 'gainst Sin and Hell.

III.

His Grace is still preserving
Our Peace in Church and State ;
His Love is never swerving,
In Spite of Satan's Hate ;
Dispens'd with open Hand
His plentiful Productions,
Prevented all Destructions
From this most sinful Land.

IV.

'Tis his Paternal Kindness
 Has spar'd us Rebel-Dust;
 Has not our wilful Blindness
 Provok'd the GOOD and JUST
 To pour his Vengeance down?
 Yet still his Mercy summons
 The King, the Lords and Commons,
 To 'scape his dreadful Frown.

V.

His Father-like Compassion
 Regards our feeble Frame,
 When turning from Transgression
 We came in Jesus Name,
 Before his holy Face,
 Then every sinful Motion
 Is cast into the Ocean
 Of never-failing Grace.

VI.

These Mercies we're adoring,
 O Lord! who dwell'st above:
 Which thou hast been restoring
 Through Christ the Son of Love;
 In whom thou wilt be pleas'd
 To grant this Year ensuing,
 Grace, constant in Well-doing,
 'Till we're from Sin releas'd.

Up

Upon the Epiphany of CHRIST.

Mel: Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her.

To the Tune: *With this New Year, &c.*

I.

HE reigns, the Lord our Saviour reigns,
Praise him in Evangelick Strains;
Let all the Earth in Songs rejoyce,
And distant Islands joyn their Voice.

II.

The Lord is come, the Heav'ns proclaim
His Birth, the Nations learn his Name;
An unknown Star directs the Road
Of Eastern Sages to their God.

III.

All ye bright Armies of the Skies!
Go worship where the Saviour lies;
Angels and Kings before him bow,
The Great on high, and Great below.

IV.

Let Idols totter to the Ground,
And their own Worshippers confound;
But *Judah* shout, but *Zion* sing,
And Earth confess her Sov'raign King.

V.

Rejoyce, ye Christians, and record
The Sacred Honours of the Lord:
None but the Souls that feel his Grace,
Can triumph in his Holiness.

On



On the Passion of CHRIST.

Jesu deine heilige Wunden.

To the Tune: *Faithful God I lay, &c.*

I.

CHRIST, thy holy Wounds and Passion,
Bloody Sweat, Cross, Death, and Tomb,
Be my daily Meditation

Here, as long I live from Home:
When thou seest a sinful Thought
Rise within, to make me naught,
Shew me that my own Pollution
Caus'd thy bloody Execution.

II.

Shou'd my Nature's Inclination
Hanker after lustful Sin,
Let the Thoughts of thine Oblation
Quench that spreading Hell within;
Nay, will Satan force his Way
To my Heart, Lord! grant I may
With thy Cross, and Crown of Briar,
Chase from hence that grand Destroyer.

III.

Will the World, with her Temptation,
Draw me to her cursed Road,
Let this be my Contemplation,
That thou'lt born my sinful Load;

Shou'd

On the Passion of CHRIST. 15

Should the Sweat, and precious Blood
Of my dear expiring God
Not produce a deep Compassion
To a thorough Resignation ?

IV.

Lord, in any sore Oppression,
Let thy Wounds be my Relief ;
When I seek thine Intercession,
Add new Strength to my Belief.
Tis thy bloody Hands and Feet,
Where my greatest Comforts meet,
This imprinted Demonstration
Of thy Love, be my Salvation.

V.

All my Hope and Consolation
Christ, is in thy bitter Death,
In the Hour of Expiration,
Lord, receive my dying Breath :
By thine Agony and Sweat,
Grant me, Lord, a safe Retreat ;
By thy glorious Resurrection,
Raise me to thy blest Perfection.

VI.

Christ, thy holy Wounds and Passion,
Bloody Sweat, Cross, Death, and Tomb,
Be my daily Meditation,
Whilst I'm living from my Home ;
Specially when I go hence,
Let this be my Confidence,
That thy deep Humiliation
Was to purchase my Salvation.

O Lamb



O Lamb Gottes unschuldig.

I.

O Lamb of God, our Saviour!
 Kill'd on the Tree of Sorrow!
 Thy meek and low Behaviour
 Paid what thou didst not borrow.
 Thou bor'dst our Sin and Malice,
 Took'st up the wrathful Chalice.
 Have Mercy upon us, O *Jesu!* O *Jesu!*

II.

O Lamb of God, our Saviour, &c.
 Have Mercy upon us, Saviour, &c.

III.

O Lamb of God, our Saviour, &c.
 O grant us thy Peace, O *Jesu!* O *Jesu!*



Passion Hymn

O Lamb of God our Sa-viour killd on
Thy meek & low be-ha-viour Pay'd w^t

the Tree of So-rrow thou bor'st our sin and
thou did'st not bo-rr ow

ma-lice took'st up the wrathful Cha-lice (have

mer-cy upon us) O Je-su O Je-su
grant us thy peace)

5

Passion Hymn

When Christ hung on the Cursed Tree a

bloody Sacrifice for me of God and men

for sa - ken y^e few last words he then exprest

ne'er lost nor mista - ken



Da Jesus an dem Creutze Stund.

I.

W H E N Christ hung on the cursed Tree
A bloody Sacrifice for thee,
Of God and Men forsaken,
The seven Words our Saviour spoke,
Be ne er lost, nor mistaken.

II.

The first bespeaks the Depth of Love,
In which he pray'd to God above
For his imbitter'd Nation.
Father forgive our Ignorance
For thy Son's Intercession.

III.

The second was the great Relief
He promis'd the repenting Thief,
With an Asseveration;
Lord let us see thy Paradise
Soon after our Translation.

IV.

The third was his domestick Care,
Towards his Mother in Despair,
And to his Well-beloved;
Provide, O Father! for our own,
When we are hence removed.

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V.

The Fourth was, when he cried: I thirst !
 Alas! for whom, but for the Curst,
 And all Mankind's Redemption;
 Lord true Repentance grant, we may
 Obtain thy blest Intention.

VI.

The Fifth the Lord in Anguish spoke:
 Why hast thou God my Soul forlook,
 Nor wilt afford one Favour,
 Lord grant our Soul in thy Distress
 May find a healing Saviour.

VII.

'Tis finish'd: was the following Word,
 By which our great and dying Lord
 Retriev'd our lost Salvation:
 Ye mourning Sinners! all rejoyce
 To hear this Declaration.

VIII.

The Seventh was: Father in thy Hand
 My Soul and Spirit I commend;
 This be my last Expression,
 Lord Jesu! when thou call'st me hence,
 Take me to thy Possession.

IX.

Whoever pays a deep Regard
 To these Expressions of our Lord,
 And mourns their sad Occasion,
 Will lay to everlasting Life
 A well approv'd Foundation.

ft !

0

On our Saviours Burial

Handwritten musical score for the hymn "On our Saviours Burial". The score is written on two staves, with the upper staff in treble clef and the lower staff in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words underlined. The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

O boundless grief beyond Relief

where are my Passions hurried

God the Father's darling Son for my

Sins is buried



On the Burial of CHRIST.

O Traurigkeit !

I.

O Boundless Grief,
Beyond Relief !
Where are my Passions hurried ?
God the Father's darling Son
For my Sins is buried.

II.

O Greatest Dread !
God-Man is dead,
See where he is expired,
And for Sinners doom'd to Death
Endless Life acquired.

III.

O make a Pause,
And search the Cause
Of this unheard-of Murther !
Sinner ! thine Apostasy
Cou'd advance no further.

IV.

The Lamb of God
Has shed his Blood
For my, and thy Salvation,
Thus to rescue sinful Men
From deserv'd Damnation.

V.

O glorious Head !
 Wast thou e'er made
 Thus to be torn and wounded ?
 At whose Sight the guilty World
 Ought to be confounded.

VI.

O lovely Face !
 Thou Source of Grace,
 And Author of all Beauty !
 Who can see Thee, and not melt
 Into Tears of Duty ?

VII.

How blest he is,
 Who weigheth this
 With Christian Application,
 That the Lord of Life and Light
 Dies for our Salvation.

VIII.

O Jesu ! blest,
 My Hope and Rest,
 Grant me this heavenly Favour,
 That thy Blood, Cross, Death and Tomb
 Prove my dying Saviour.



Easter Hymn

{ Christ was to death a ba-sed and giv'n
But by his being rais'd regain'd

for our Transgression } this shou'd make our
us Life's Posses-sion }

Souls rejoyce to praise the Lord with heart and

voice in singing Hallelu-jah Halle lu-jah

Of the RESURRECTION
of CHRIST.

Christ lag in Todes Banden.

I.

CHRIST was to Death abased,
And given for our Transgression,
But by his being raised
Regain'd us Life's Possession.
This should make our Souls rejoyce
To praise the Lord with Heart and Voice,
In singing *Hallelujah, Hallelujah!*

II.

None yet was found of *Adam's* Race,
Cou'd conquer Hell and Devil,
Sin had defac'd the former Grace,
None Innocent but Evil;
Death was thus entail'd on all,
Which got Dominion by the Fall,
And kept us in his Bondage. *Hallelujah!*

III.

But JESUS, God's eternal Son,
Is come for our Salvation,
The Cause of Death he has undone,
And stopt its Devastation,
Ruin'd all his Right and Claim,
And left him nothing but the Name,
His Sting is lost for ever. *Hallelujah.*

IV. How

22 *Of the Resurrection of CHRIST.*

IV.

How strange and wondrous was this Fray,
Life was with Death surrounded,
The Lord of Life here got the Day,
Death's Kingdom was confounded.
This the Scripture doth record,
That Death was conquer'd with his Sword
And led at last in Triumph. *Hallelujah.*

V.

Here is the very Paschal Lamb,
By God himself appointed,
The Prophets have foretold the same,
That this was THE ANOINTED,
With his Blood our Heart is sign'd,
No Fear of Death disturbs our Mind
Subdued is that Destroyer, *Hallelujah.*

VI.

This is the Day the Lord has made
For our Ejaculation,
Let Heav'n rejoyce, let Earth be glad
To praise his Exaltation:
He dispels the Clouds of Sin,
His Merit cleanses all within,
We are remov'd from Darknes. *Hallelujah.*

VII.

The Bread of Life, we feed upon,
Is CHRIST for ever living,
The Leav'n of Sin must be undone
By Grace which he is giving:
Faith desires no other Food,
But our Redeemer's Flesh and Blood:
Blest be his Name for ever. *Hallelujah.*

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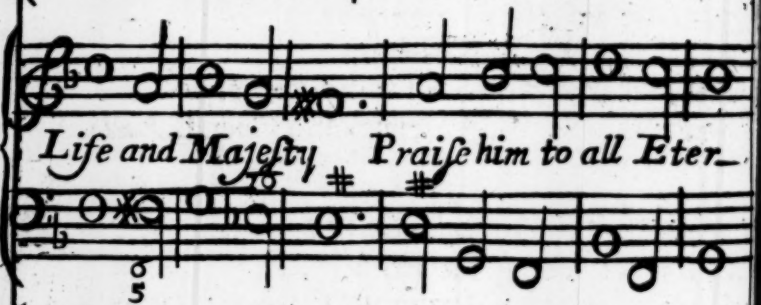
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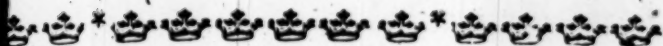
lujab.

lujab.

Hent

On the Resurrection of Christ





Heut triumphiret Gottes Sohn.

I.

TO Day, the Lord in Triumph reigns,
Breaks Death, and Hell's infernal Chains;
Retakes his Life, and Majesty;
Praise him to all Eternity. *Hallelujah.*

II.

When he descended into Hell,
Satan, and all his Legions fell:
Behold the great Accuser cast!
The Hour of Darkness now is past. *Hall.*

III.

Now let th' infernal Lyons roar,
They cannot hurt us as before;
Loft is the Pow'r of all those Fiends,
We are God's Children, Heirs, and Friends. *Hall.*

IV.

O sweet Redeemer, *Jesus Christ!*
Our Sacrifice, and great High-Priest,
Lead us by thine Almighty Grace,
To end with Joy our Christian Race. *Hall.*

V.

Infinite Lover, gracious Lord!
Thy wondrous Name shall be ador'd;
To thee, be endless Honours giv'n
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n. *Hall.*

Mel.

Mel. Nun freut euch lieben.

I.

Raise your Devotion, mortal Tongues,
To reach the King of Glory,
Sweet be the Accents of your Songs
Of him who went before ye;
Bright Angels strike your loudest Strings,
Let Heav'n and all created Things
Sound our *Emanuel's* Praises.

II.

Ye mourning Souls look upward too,
For Christ is now preparing
At God's right Hand a Place for you,
Shake off what seems despairing.
Thence our great Lord and King shall come
To fetch your longing Spirits Home,
And crown your Love and Labour.

III.

Since he is gone above the Skies,
Receiv'd more Gifts and Graces,
Than you are able to comprise,
Or want for all your Cases;
Who shou'd he grant his Merits to,
But meek and humble Souls, as you,
The Objects of his Favour.

IV.

Extend, O Lord! thy Sovereign Grace
O'er all the World's Dominion;
Let Heav'n, and Earth, and all the Seas
Proclaim thy glorious Kingdom;
'Till we with all thy Saints above,
Sing of the Sweetness of thy Love
New Hymns for ever, *Amen.*

Ascension Hymn

*Raise your Devotion mortal Tongues
Sweet be the accents of your Songs*

*to reach the King of glo ry) bright
(of him who went before ye)*

Angels strike your loudest strings let Heav'n &

all created things sound our Emmanuels praises



On Pentecost

Come Holy Ghost come Lord our God

out the Fathers Love abroad and fill thy

—full Peoples minds with fruitful gifts of

sundry kinds O Lord who by thy Heavenly

God
43

ight hast call'd thy Church from sin. full night

thy
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out of all Na- tions Tribes and Tongues thy

fts of

Praise shall tu ne our choicest songs

only

Hallelu jah Halle-lu-jah



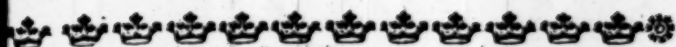
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Of the HOLY GHOST.

Komm Heiliger Geist.

I.

Come Holy Ghost ! Come Lord our God !
 Pour out the Father's Love abroad,
 And fill thy faithful Peoples Minds
 With fruitful Gifts of sundry kinds ;
 O Lord, who by thy heavenly Light,
 Hast call'd thy Church from sinful Night,
 Out of all Nations, Tribes and Tongues,
 Thy Praise shall tune our choicest Songs :
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

II.

Thou Light of Glory, gracious Lord !
 Revive us by thy holy Word,
 And teach thy Flock in Truth to call
 On Thee, the Father of us all.
 Delusive Errors far remove,
 But guide us always by that Love,
 Which keeping close to *JESUS* Path,
 Rejects all other Guides of Faith. *Halleluj.*

III.

Thou holy Flavour of that Love
 Which brought Redemption from above,
 Grant us to serve Thee constantly,
 Faith conquer Sin and Misery ;
 O Lord ! by thine Almighty Grace,
 Prepare us so to run our Race,
 That striving hard for Victory,
 We gain thy blest Eternity. *Hallelujah.*
 E. *Of*



Of the Blessed Trinity.

Allein Gott in der Höh sey Ehr.

I.

TO our Almighty Maker, God,
New Honours be address'd,
His great Salvation shines abroad,
Which makes all Nations blessed;
He looks upon us in his Son,
By whom we can approach his Throne,
Since Peace is now proclaimed.

II.

We magnify thy Father's Name,
O Lord of our Creation!
Thy Sovereign Pow'r is still the same,
Thou reign'st without Cessation:
Beyond all Measure is thy Throne,
What thou command'st, that must be done,
From Thee depend our Blessings.

III.

O Saviour Christ, thou only Son
Of thine eternal Parent!
Thy Ransom saves, what was undone,
Thy Merit is our Talent.
Unspotted Lamb, O blessed Lord!
Thy Grace to our Relief afford,
Have Mercy on thy People.

IV.

O Holy Ghost, supremest Good!
Our only Consolation!
What Christ redeemed by his Blood,
Preserve thou from Damnation;
'Tis Thou must bring his Merits home,
In Dangers present and to come,
In Thee we have Affiance.

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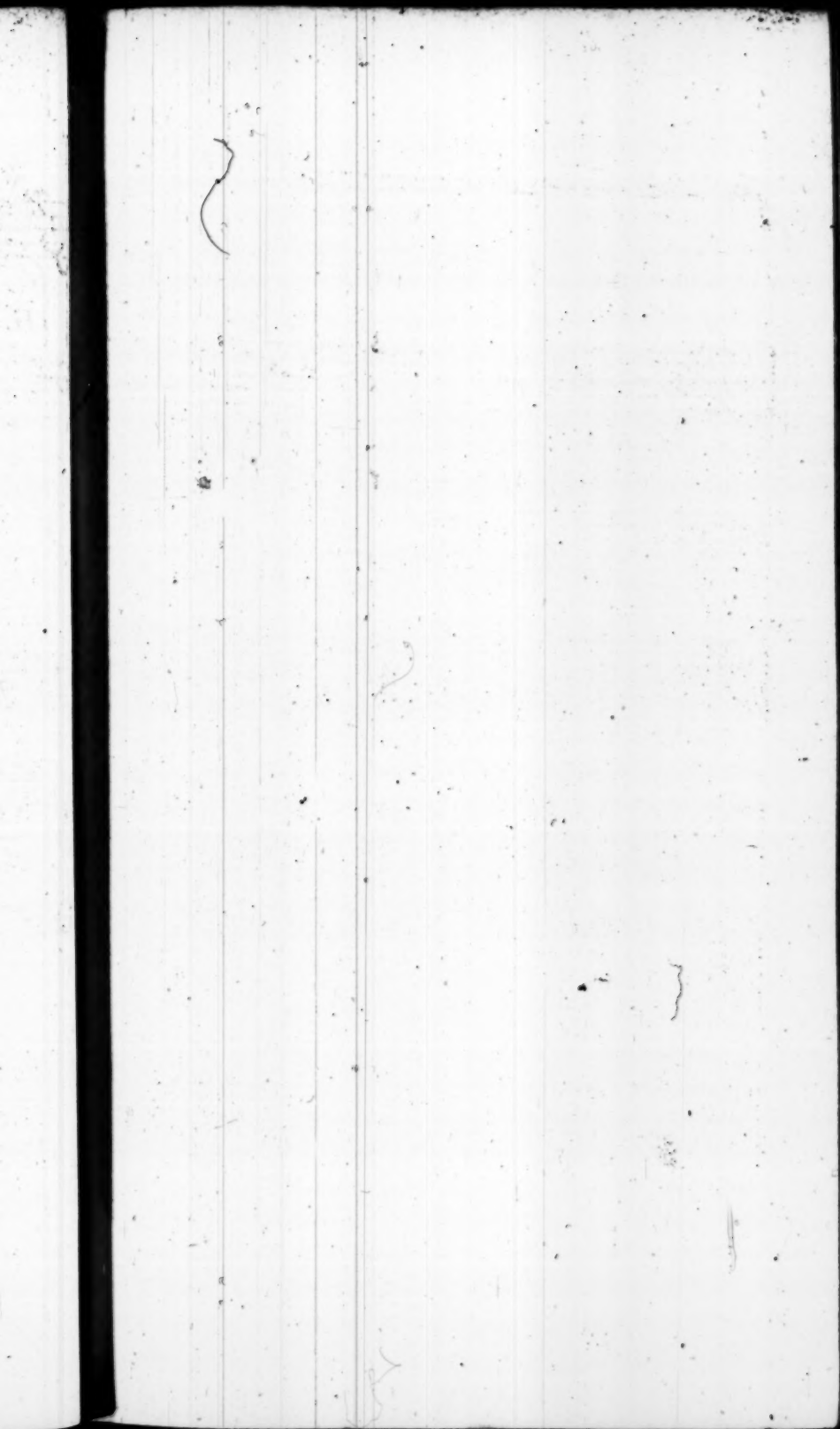
Trinity (Hymn)

To our Almighty maker God new Honours
His great salvation shines abroad th makes all

be addre-ssed) he looks upon us in his
nations Ble-ssed)

Son by whom we can approach his throne since

Peace is now proclai-med



Trinity Hymn



God the Father our defence O save us
All transgression take from hence & grant us

from Damna — tion) { Gaurd us from the
thy sal — va 43 tion) { we re — ly up —

tempters snare within thy own Prote — c — tion
— on thy care with all thy well be Lo — ved

that un-der thy dire-ction our Faith may
thy grace be thus impro-ved that we may

scape in fe-ction Amen Amen be the
neer be mo-ved

Word so shall we truely praise the Lord



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Gott der Vater wohn uns bey.

I.

GOD the Father, our Defence!
O save us from Damnation;
All Transgressions take from hence,
And grant us thy Salvation;
Guard us from the Tempter's Snare
Within thy own Protection,
That under thy Direction
Our Faith may 'scape Infection.
We rely upon thy Care
With all thy Well-beloved,
Thy Grace be thus improved,
That we may ne'er be moved.

Amen, Amen, be the Word!
So shall we truly praise the Lord.

II.

Lord Christ Jesus! our Defence!
O save us, &c.

III.

Blessed Spirit, our Defence,
O save us, &c.



Of the Holy ANGELS.

Herr Gott dich loben alle wir !

I.

TO God let all the Human Race,
Bring humble Worship mixt with Grace,
Who makes his Love and Wisdom known
By Angels, that surround his Throne.

II.

These Angels, whom thy Breath inspires,
Thy Ministers are flaming Fires;
And swift as Thought their Armies move,
To bear thy Vengeance, or thy Love.

III.

They joy t'obey thy blessed Will,
They love t'increase their Knowledge still;
They always serve the Lord their Rock,
In keeping Guard around thy Flock.

IV.

The Good, where'er thy Children dwell,
They do, no mortal Tongue can tell,
Nor what their Heavenly Care prevents,
Where they are bid to pitch their Tents.

V. Good

Michaelmas Hymn

To God let all the Human Race bring

humble worship mixt with grace who

makes his Love and wisdom known by

Angels that surround his throne

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V.

Good *Daniel* found their Benefit,
When mid'st the Lyons forc'd to sit;
The same enjoy'd the pious Lot,
What great Deliv'rance had he not?

VI.

What did the three Men in the Flame,
As soon their Guardian-Angel came?
Did not the Oven's devouring Fire,
Resound the Notes of Heav'nly Quire?

VII.

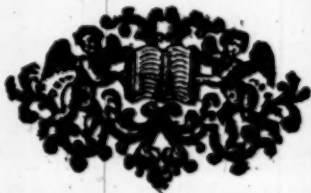
Thus God defends us Day by Day,
From many Mischiefs in our Way,
By Angels, which do always keep
A watchful Eye when we're asleep.

VIII.

O Lord! we'll blefs Thee all our Days,
Our Soul shall glory in thy Grace,
Thy Praise shall dwell upon our Tongues,
All Saints and Angels joyn our Songs.

IX.

We pray to let their Heav'nly Host
Be Guardians of our Land and Coast,
To keep thy little Flock in Peace,
That we may lead a Life of Grace.





On the Philanthropy of GOD and CHRIST.

Nun freut euch lieben Christen-Gemein.

To the Tune: *Raise your Devotion.*

I.

NOW come ye Christians all and bring
With chearful Hearts and Voices,
Due Praises to our God and King,
Whose holy Court rejoyces
To see the Wonders of his Love,
Which brought Redemption from above,
Beyond our Expectation.

II.

As Satan's Slave in Sin I lay,
Despairing of Salvation,
Original Sin had got the Sway,
God was my Detestation;
And sinking deeper by Degrees
Into this desperate Disease,
I must be lost for ever.

III.

Good Works wou'd here not serve my Turn,
They cou'd produce no Merit;
Rebellion made my Free-Will burn
Against the Holy Spirit.

My

My Anguish drove me to Despair,
Death was my Mirrour every where
The Prefage of Hell-Torment.

IV.

But O unutterable Grace,
That pity'd my Condition,
Th' eternal Son wou'd take my Place
To save me from Perdition ;
Down to this World the Saviour flies,
Stretches his willing Arms, and dies
For me a wretched Sinner.

V.

Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God
And Author of Salvation,
To pay its Wrongs with Heavenly Blood,
And quench Hell and Damnation ;
Infinite Racks and Pangs he bore,
And 'rose, the Law could ask no more
Of this my Mediator.

VI.

Thus the Redeemer spake to me
In smiling Condescension :
I wholly give myself for thee
T' unvail this my Intention,
That I am thine with all I have
And purchas'd by the Cross and Grave,
No Foe shall disunite us.

VII. I'll

VII.

I'll rise again, retake the Crown
And Glory of my Father,
From thence I'll send my Spirit down
To bring my Saints together ;
His Comforts shall abide with thee,
To strengthen thy Belief in me,
And seal thy sure Salvation.

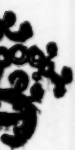
VIII.

What I have suffer'd, done and taught,
Shall be thy Rule of Action,
That all thy Neighbours may be brought
To follow my Direction.
Beware of other Guides of Faith,
Stick to my Self denying Path,
The safest Way to Glory.



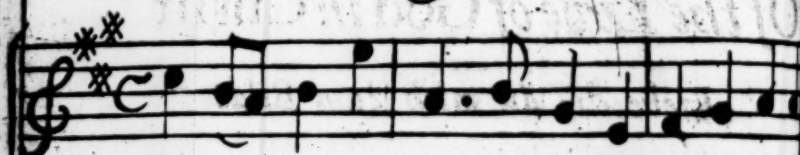
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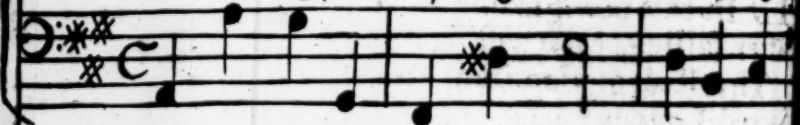


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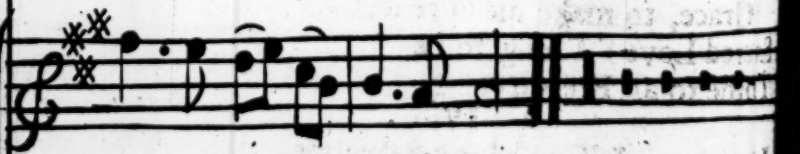
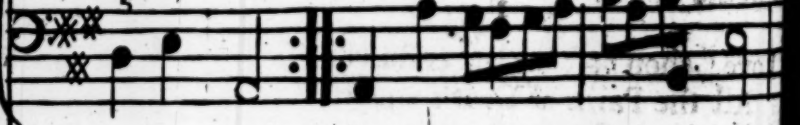
Upon the Love of God



{ Lord thine Image thou hast lent me in thy ever-
After falling thou hast sent me thy redemption



-lasting Love } Sacred Love I long to be
from a_bove }



thine to all Eter_nity



Of the Love of God in Christ.

Liebe die du mich zum Bilde.

I.

LORD, thine Image thou hast lent me,
In thy never-fading Love ;
After falling, thou hast sent me
Thy Redemption from above.
Sacred Love ! I long to be
Thine to all Eternity.

II.

Love, to Bliss thou hast ordained
Me, e'er I began to be ;
God of Love ! thou'st not disdained
To become a Man, like me :
Love Almighty and Divine !
I would be for ever thine.

III.

Love ! thou hast for me endured
All the Pains of Death and Hell ;
Nay, thy Suff'rings have procured
Grace, to make me ever well.
Sacred Love ! I long to be
Thine to all Eternity.

IV.

Love ! my Life, and my Salvation,
Light, and Truth, eternal Word !
Thou alone dost Consolation
To my sinking Soul afford :
Love Almighty and Divine !
I would be for ever thine.

F

V. To

34 *Of the Love of GOD in CHRIST.*

V.

To thy Yoke thou hast been tying
Me with Body, Soul, and Mind ;
That my Heart is ever trying
Aspirations of this Kind :
Sacred Love ! I long to be
Thine to all Eternity.

VI.

Love ! that lov'st me now and ever,
Praying for my drooping Heart ;
Love ! thy Ransom doth deliver
Me from everlasting Smart :
Love Almighty and Divine !
I would be for ever thine.

VII.

Love ! in Mercy thou wilt raise me
From the Grave of Sin and Dust ;
Love ! I shall for ever praise thee,
When in Heav'n among the Just :
Sacred Love ! I long to be
Thine to all Eternity.

Repeat :

Love Almighty and Divine !
I would be for ever thine.



ST.

Upon

On Divine Providence

If God succeed not all the Cost and

Pains to build the House are lost if God

the Ci-ty doth not keep the Watchful

guards as well may Sleep

Handwritten musical score for a hymn titled "On Divine Providence". The score is written on six staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves. The music is in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are: "If God succeed not all the Cost and Pains to build the House are lost if God the Ci-ty doth not keep the Watchful guards as well may Sleep". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and accidentals. There are also some numerical figures (43, 5, 9, 8, #, 43, 5, 5, 4, 3, 2, 3) written below the staves, which may be figured bass notation or page numbers.

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Upon Divine Providence.

Wo Gott zum Haus nicht gibt sein Gunst.

I.

IS God withdrawing, all the Cost
And Pains that build the House are lost;
If God the City doth not keep,
The watchful Guards as well may sleep.

II.

What if you rise before the Sun,
And work and toil when Day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your Bread,
To shun that Poverty you dread.

III.

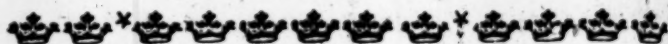
'Tis all in vain, till God has blest,
He can make Rich, yet give us Rest;
Children and Friends are Blessings too,
If God our Sovereign make them so.

IV.

Happy the Man to whom he sends
Obedient Children, faithful Friends:
How sweet our daily Comforts prove
When they are season'd with his Love.

V.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom Heav'n's triumphant Host
And suffering Saints on Earth adore,
Be Glory now and evermore.



Wer nur den lieben Gott läßt walten.

I.

HE that confides in his Creator,
Depending on him all his Days,
Shall be preserv'd in Fire and Water,
From all Afflictions many Ways.
He that makes God his Stand and Stay,
Builds not on Sand that glides away.

II.

What gain'st thou by thy Cark and Caring?
What is it for thou pin'st away?
Thy Rest and Health thou art impairing,
By Sighs and Groans from Day to Day.
We are but adding Grief to Grief,
Instead of seeking for Relief.

III.

Wou'd we but be a little quiet,
And rest in God's good Providence,
Who thus prescribes our wholesome Diet
By Methods cross to Flesh and Sense;
Who chose us from Eternity,
Knows best what's Good for me and thee.

IV.

He knows the Hours of Joy and Gladness,
As well as proper Time and Place;
Are we but faithful in our Sadness,
Seek not our selves, but seek his Face:
He'll come before we are aware,
And dissipate our greatest Care.

Upon Providence



{ He that confides in his Creator depending
 { Shall be preserv'd in Fire & water from all af-



on him all his days) He that makes God his
 fictions many ways



stand & stay builds not on sand that glides away



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V.

Don't hearken to thy giddy Reason,
As if God had forsaken thee,
And he Heav'ns Favourite, who this Season
Swims in his full Prosperity ;
Next Moment God may turn the Scale,
And send a quite contrary Gale.

VI.

'Tis easy to Almighty Power
To raise the poor Man from the Dust,
And blast the Rich, like gawdy Flower,
In bringing down his Pride and Lust.
God can do Wonders when he will,
Raise one, and humble th' other still.

VII.

Do thou observe thy Christian Station,
Sing, pray, and walk in Gods Commands,
Rely upon his Preservation,
Who has all Creatures in his Hands :
For sure the Man of real Sense,
Makes God his only Confidence.

Repeat :

The Man of sound and real Sense,
Makes God his only Confidence.

Besebl



Befiehl du deine Wege.

*Commit thy Ways unto the Lord, trust also
in him, and he shall bring it to pass.*

I.

Commit thy Ways and Goings,
And all that grieves thy Soul,
To him, whose wisest Doings
Rule all without Controul:
He makes the Times and Seasons
Revolve from Year to Year,
And knows Ways, Means, and Reasons,
When Help shall best appear.

II.

Unto the Lord turn wholly,
For he will never fail,
To rescue thee from Folly,
If thou dost but bewail
Thy stiff-neck'd Self-Reliance;
Shake off that Yoke of Hell,
Which ever bids Defiance
To him that governs well.

III.

*Trust also in him freely,
Without reluctant Will;
His Promises will surely
Reward thy constant Zeal.*

Upon Providence



*{ Commit thy ways and goings and all what
To him whose wisest doings rule all with -*



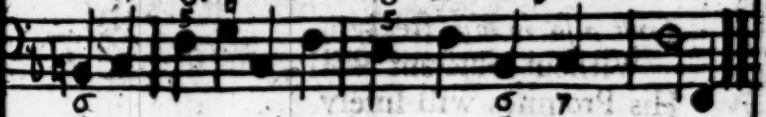
*grieves thy Soul } who makes the Times and Sea -
- out controul)*



- sons revolve from year to year he knows ways



Means & Reasons when Help shall best appear



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He'll bring to full Perfection
The Work he has in Hand;
His Fatherly Dilection
Is never at a Stand.

IV.

And he shall clear the Dulness
That sits upon thy Mind,
With his surpassing Fulness,
To testify how kind
And gracious his Direction
About thy future Bliss
And undeserv'd Election,
His Love and Goodness is.

V.

Bring it to pass, O Father!
Whate'er thy Words foretell,
Redeem us all together
From Sin, World, Death, and Hell:
Our Life and Conversation
Lead by thy Holy Hand,
So shall our great Salvation
Be never at an End.





Meine Hoffnung Stehet feste.

I.

ALL my Hope is fix'd and ground'd
 In the great and living Lord ;
 He's my Help, when I'm surrounded
 Or with Pest, with Fire, or Sword ;
 Him alone,
 God or none,
 I acknowledge for my own.

II.

Tell me, what's the Trust and Power
 Thou dost place in frail Mankind ?
 Can'st thou build a lofty Tower
 In the Air, or in the Wind ?
 Nothing stays,
 But decays ;
 Thou admirest all thy Days.

III.

But our Maker's Love endures
 Now, and in Eternity ;
 For his Creatures he procures
 In their Wants a full Supply :
 All he has,
 By his Grace,
 Giv'n t'enjoy with Thankfulness.

IV. Doct

Upon Providence

(All my Hope is fix'd and ground'd in the
He's my Help when I'm sur-round'd with the

great and living Lord } Him alone God or
Pest with Fire or Sword }

none I acknowledge for my own

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IV.

Doth he not supply with Plenty
All that Creatures ever want ?
Nay, his Bounty's never scanty,
But o'er all predominant :
In his Love,
From Above,
He doth send us Food enough.

V.

Worship now your great Creator,
In his well-beloved Son,
Who, as Sov'reign Arbitrator,
Has preserv'd us for his own.
Great and Good
Is our God,
Whose Salvation shines Abroad.





Of the Word of GOD.

Herr Jefu Chriſt dich zu uns wend.

I.

LORD Chriſt reveal thy holy Face,
And ſend the Spirit of thy Grace,
To fill our Hearts with fervent Zeal
To learn thy Truth, and do thy Will.

II.

Lord lead us in thy holy Ways,
And let our Lips pronounce thy Praise,
Increase our Faith, and raiſe the ſame
To taſte the Sweetneſs of thy Name.

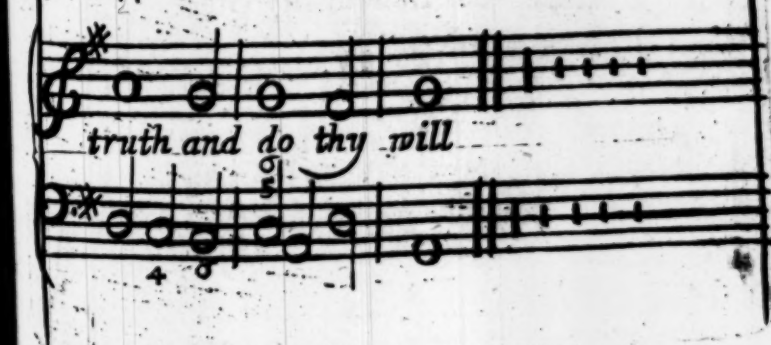
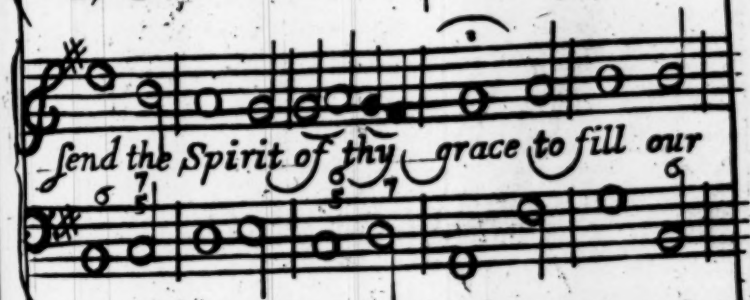
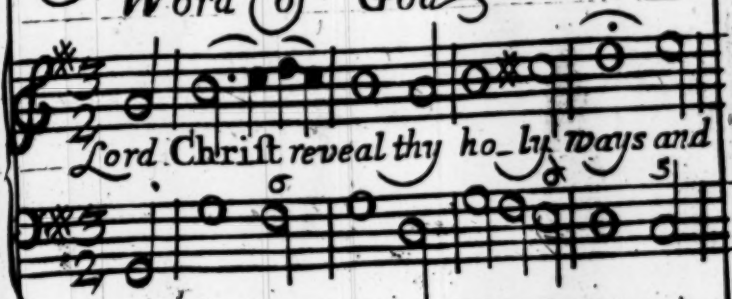
III.

Till we with Angels joyn to ſing
Right holy Notes to Thee our King,
Where we ſhall ſee with open Face
The wondrous Iſſue of thy Grace.

IV.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be Honour, Praise, and Glory giv'n,
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n.

Before Hearing or Reading the
Word of God



Handwritten musical score on ten staves. The notation is extremely faded and illegible. Faint traces of notes, stems, and bar lines are visible across the staves. There are also some faint, illegible markings that appear to be lyrics or performance instructions interspersed between the staves.

Before hearing the Word of God



{ Dearest Iesu we are here thee to hear
Do thou fit our Heart & Ear to obey thy



thy Instructions } Let our Minds be Ele
bless'd convic-tions



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Liebster Jesu wir sind hier.

I.

Dearest Jesu! we are here,
Thee to hear, and thy Instructions
Please to fit our Heart and Ear
To obey thy blest'd Convictions:
Let our Mind be elevated,
Where we wish to be translated.

II.

In our Nature we are blind,
And with Clouds of Sin surrounded,
If thou dost not clear our Mind,
All thy Word is lost and drowned.
All good Thought, and true Devotion,
Doth depend upon thy Motion.

III.

Ray of glorious Majesty,
Light of Light, from God descended,
Make us hear attentively,
That our Life be truly mended.
Jesu! bless our Supplication
By thy holy Intercession.



Of the LORD'S SUPPER.

O Jesu du mein Brautigam.

To the Tune : *O Lord how many Miseries.*

I.

O Jesu ! Bridegroom of my Soul,
Whose Love found Means to make me
By dying on the cursed Tree, [whole,
And left thy Blood my Legacy.

II.

To thy blest Table I draw near,
Full of Unworthiness and Fear ;
Impure, sick, naked, poor and blind,
In Mercy cast me not behind.

III.

My great Physician, and my Light !
All's clear before thy holy Sight,
Thou art the Source of Sanctity,
My Wedding Garment comes from Thee.

IV.

O blessed Lord prepare thou me,
And heal my great Infirmary ;
Wash all the Stains of Sin away,
And let me taste thy Grace to Day.

V.

Dispel the Darknes from beneath,
Endow me with a living Faith,
Thy Grace enrich my Poverty
And mortify all Self in me.

VI. The

VI.

Thus feed me with the living Bread
Of thy own Flesh, that once was dead;
The Wine of thy most precious Blood
Refresh my Faith, supremest Good.

VII.

Root out all Tendency to Sin,
Implant that Charity within,
Which honours God, and makes the Peace
With Men to flourish and increase.

VIII.

What Soul and Body want, supply,
What's noxious, check and mortify;
Take up thy Residence in me,
Unite me more and more with Thee.

IX.

By Virtue of this Heavenly Meal,
The Law of Sin in me repeal;
All my Transgressions far remove,
And let me taste thy Father's Love.

X.

Send me Relief from all my Foes,
When Earth and Hell my Hopes oppose
The present Purpose, I have made,
O Lord! let never be delay'd.

XI.

My Life and Conversation, Lord,
Direct according to thy Word,
That not one Moment of my Days
Be spent without a Sense of Grace.

XII.

Till thou art pleas'd, O Prince of Life!
To call me from this World of Strife,
To taste with all that love thy Name,
The glorious Supper of the Lamb.

of



Of True and False CHRISTIANITY.

Kommt laßt euch den Herren lehren.

To the Tune: *Faithful God, I lay, &c.*

I.

Come and hear our blessed Saviour
 All that have a Mind to learn,
 What's their Life and whole Behaviour,
 Who the Christian Title earn ;
 Who not only do confess,
 But with Hearts and Hands express,
 That their whole Delight and Labour
 Is to serve their God and Neighbour.

II.

Blessed are the Poor in Spirit,
 Who Humility possess,
 And disclaim their own Self Merit
 Conscious of their Nothingness.
 Who depend in every Thing
 On the Lord their God and King ;
 He will there exalt to Greatness
 Those, who're here abas'd in Weakness.

III. Blessed

III.

Blessed are the secret Mourners
Who are fill'd with pious Grief,
And like Pilgrims and Sojourners
Pray for all Mankind's Relief;
God, who counts their bitter Tears,
And their inward Groaning hears,
Will not always leave distressed,
But rejoyce them with the Blessed.

IV.

Blest are those, whose Hearts and Actions
Ever flow with Gentleness,
Meekly bearing all Reflexions
From their Foes, when in Distress,
Leaving Vengeance still to God,
Still submitting to his Rod,
They shall gain the Lord's Protection,
And the Land to their Subjection.

V.

Blest whose Hung'r and Thirst increases
After Truth and Righteousness,
Where Oppression ever ceases
Meaning what their Lips express.
Such whose Dealings well agree
With a Dove's Simplicity,
Hate Self-Interest and Extortion,
Plenteousness shall be their Portion.

VI.

Blest are those who with Compassion
Look upon their Neighbour's Grief,
Pitying Poverty's Oppression,
Pray to God for its Relief;

Who

48 *Of True and False Christianity.*

Who assist the Sufferers Need
Not with Word alone, but Deed,
They shall never be discarded
But with Mercy be rewarded.

VII.

Blest are those, whose Heart and Center
From defiling Lust removes,
In whose Bosom nought dare enter
But what Holiness improves;
Who renounce the Joys of Sense
With a pious Abstinence;
They shall see with endless Pleasure
God, his Purity and Treasure.

VIII.

Blessed are those tender Lovers
Of that Unity and Peace
Which becomes the World's Improvers
Making Strife and Malice cease;
Those who keep in equal Frame
Fixing others in the same.
They Gods Children, (Glorious Function!)
Shall receive the Blessed Unction.

IX.

Blest are those who bear Affliction,
Persecution, and Distress
Without selfish Contradiction
For the Sake of Righteousness,
They shall in their greatest Grief,
Find in God a sure Relief;
And when past what's Transitory,
Shall receive the Crown of Glory.

X. Lord!

X.

Lord! bestow these Heav'nly Graces
On this broken Heart of mine,
That in their Divine Embraces
I remain for ever thine:
Grant me true Humility,
Let me send my Groans to Thee,
Meekness shew to my Oppressor,
Justice be my sole Possessor.

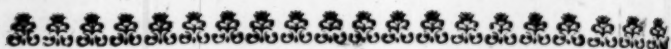
XI.

Still to serve my needy Neighbour,
Cleanness of my Heart preserve,
Peace to gain be still my Labour,
In Affliction never swerve;
Father, from thy Holy Throne,
Grant me Grace to love thy Son,
And assist me with thy Spirit
Good to do, without Self-Merit.



H

Treuer



Treuer Vater deine Liebe.

PART the First.

I.

Father, thine eternal Kindness
Has not left me in my Blindness,
But in Christ reveal'd thy Face ;
Nay before the World's Foundation
Thou hast made me thy Relation,
And fore-chose me by thy Grace.

II.

Though thou saw'st my sad Condition
Running into deep Perdition,
Thy Long suffering bore me still ;
So that thou in Indignation
Would'st not send me to Damnation
In my most depraved Will.

III.

Though I fancy'd my Profession
Would have put me in Possession
Of Religion pure and true ;
All the Acts of my Devotion,
In thy Sight were but Pollution,
Mere Hypocrisy and Shew.

IV.

Moral Works, bare Form and Letter,
Is what such as know no better
Their Salvation build upon ;
Pictures, Ceremony, Opinion,
Judas-Kiss, is *Babel*'s Minion,
Losing this, their Faith is gone,

V. Thus

Upon true and false Christianity

Father thine Eternal kindness has not left me

in my Blindness but in Christ reveal'd thy Face

Nay before the world's Foundation thou hast made me

thy Relation and fore chose me by thy grace

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V.

Thus I likewise was detained,
'Till I had that Grace obtained,
Which has rous'd my Lethargy;
Raife me by thy mighty Power,
That I from this very Hour
Strive to get the Victory.

VI.

Grant a Life that's Self-denying,
And to worldly Greatness dying,
Purge my Heart from all that's vain;
Make me flight what's transitory,
Count Christ's Shame far greater Glory
Than the Pomp of Egypt's Gain.

VII.

Mortify old *Adam's* Members,
Cut, or burn 'em quite to Embers,
Put me under *Jesus's* Wings:
From a dying *Phoenix's* Ashes
Life with Light divinely flashes,
And Regeneration springs.

P A R T the Second.

VIII.

Some make Shadows all their Treasure,
Halt between base Fear and Pleasure,
Or run headlong down to Hell;
Let my Faith take Wings, and hasten
To that Cross, where Christ did fasten
All my Sins, for there I'll dwell.

IX.

Tho' good Works may make a Bluster,
Others Talents get a Lustre,
Or their Gifts they idolize ;
Yet I will behold with Pleasure,
When from Christ's most holy Treasure
God grants Faith, that glorious Prize.

X.

Shou'd I long for *Egypt's* Pottage,
And despise my present Cottage,
Or look back to *Sodom's* Lust ;
Make me watchful in my Prayer,
Ne'er give Way to that Betrayer,
But resist his fatal Thrust.

XI.

Should I lose all Strength and Vigour,
When Temptations shew their Rigour,
Grant me but a ready Will
To rely on thy Assistance,
In Thee I can make Resistance,
And thy Word supports me still.

XII.

When my Fears present great Losses,
'Midst a Storm of worldly Crosses
Bearing hard on Ship and Oar ;
Sure my Pilot's kind Protection,
And his Compass and Direction
Will convey me safe to Shore.

P A R T the Third.

XIII.

He that will not be deserted
Must in *Jesu* be inserted,
And become a fruitful Tree,
Hate all worldly Care and Pleasure,
Strive for Christ's most holy Treasure,
And avoid Hypocrisy.

XIV.

Who in Christ seeks his Salvation,
Builds upon the best Foundation,
And possesses Heav'n in Time;
Tho' he now should smart and suffer,
Yet the Glory God doth offer,
Makes his Courage more sublime.

XV.

Lord, do thou prepare thy Creature,
As becomes thy holy Nature,
Make me Child-like here and there,
Grant me Joy in thy Salvation,
Which will be a Confirmation
Of thy Kingdom's drawing near.

XVI.

Let me live in Resignation
And a total Abnegation :
Lord ! root out all Self in me,
Not to rest a mere Professor,
But become a true Possessor
Of the Truth, which is in thee,

XVII. Should

54 *Of True and False Christianity.*

XVII.

I Should suffer *Babel's Mocking*,
Tho' her Taunts be ne'er so shocking,
With a stedfast Patience;
If my *Jesus* doth but favour
Me with that Cœlestial Savour
Of his constant Providence.

XVIII.

Author of my good Beginning,
Put a Period to my Sinning.
And confirm me with the Seal
Of thy Free and Royal Spirit,
And abolish all Self-Merit;
Lord, thy Grace will feed and heal.

XIX.

Make me seek to live retired,
With thy Love let me be fired;
Grant me such a constant Heart,
That may always deal sincerely,
Keeping thy Commands severely,
'Till thou raise me where thou art.

XX.

Lord! convert all my Relations,
Add them to thy Holy Nations,
Shew thy gracious Countenance,
Lead them with thy Holy Spirit,
That they may at last inherit
Bliss, above our Utterance.

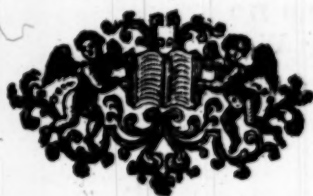
XXI. All

XXI.

All thy straying Sheep bring hither
Jews and *Gentiles* all together,
Many Millions let them be,
Calling Thee their living Shepherd,
Who has brought them from the Desert
To thy Churches Unity.

XXII.

Then shall all thy Flock be singing,
And their Lamps of Faith be bringing
To the Marriage of the Lamb,
Their Jehovah ever praising,
Endless Hallelujahs raising,
And Hofannas to his Name.



Of

Of REPENTANCE.

Ach Gott und Herr !

I.

O God my Lord !
How great's the Hoard
Of all my past Transgressions ?
And here is none,
That cou'd attone
In this wide World's Possessions.

II.

Shou'd I pretend
To find an End
Of this my sad Condition ?
Run too and fro
To lose my Woe ?
O fruitless Inquisition !

III.

To Thee I fly
Lord God be nigh
Though I deserve Damnation ;
O let thy Son
What he has done
Be my Propitiation.

Penitential Hymn

O God my Lord how great's the Hoard

of all my past Transgre-ssions and here

is none that cou'd atone in this wide

worlds Posse-ssion

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IV.

If thy Decree
Shall punish me
For all my past Offences ;
Chastise me here,
But spare me there
From Satan's curst Pretences.

V.

My Pain relieve,
True Patience give,
And total Resignation ;
Lord grant my Heart
May share a Part
In thy dear-bought Salvation.

VI.

Deal thou with me
As seems to thee
According to thy Mercy,
Do but aswage
Th' avenging Rage,
That it may never pierce me.

VII.

Like as a Worm
Runs from the Storm,
And seeks a Place of Refuge,
When Thunders sound,
And Clouds around
Seem to forebode a Deluge.

I

VIII. Thus

VIII.

Thus, Christ, thy Side
 Can safely hide
 Thy poor distressed Creature,
 When Hell and Sin,
 Without, within,
 Wou'd crush my feeble Nature.

IX.

This Wound of thine
 Shall be my Shrine
 When Flesh and Heart are panting,
 Let me arrive
 When I revive,
 There were no Joy is wanting.

X.

Praise be to Thee,
 O Blessed Three !
 Thou Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Who longs for Grace,
 Shall see thy Face,
 By Christ's all-saving Merit.



OF REPENTANCE

38

Penitential Hymn

*(Shew pity Lord o Lord forgive are not thy mercies
 Let a repenting Rebel live whose guilt is great)*

*(large & free) my lips to thine shame my sins confess Lord
 trust's in thee*

Should thy Judgment grow severe & mark it done a-

gainst thy grace I am condemn'd but thou art clea-

Musical notation includes treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes). Fingering numbers (1-5) are present below several notes. The lyrics are written in a cursive script, with some words in italics.



Erbarm dich mein O Herre Gott.

On the Fifty First Psalm.

I.

SHow Pity Lord ! O Lord forgive !
 Are not thy Mercies large and free ?
 Let a repenting Rebel live
 Whose Guilt is great, yet trusts in Thee ;
 My Lips with Shame my Sins confess,
 Lord shou'd thy Judgment grow severe,
 And mark what's done against thy Grace,
 I am condemn'd, but Thou art clear.

II.

I from the Stock of *Adam* came,
 And my Conception was unclean,
 My whole Original is Shame,
 My Nature nothing else but Sin.
 No bleeding Bird, nor bleeding Beast,
 Nor running Brook, nor Flood, nor Sea;
 Nor Hyssop-Branch, nor sprinkling Priest;
 Can wash my dismal Stain away.

III.

Cleanse me, O Lord, and chear my Soul,
 By Means of thy forgiving Love;
 O make my broken Spirit whole,
 And bid my guilty Pains remove.

60 Of REPENTANCE.

Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy Holy Face,
Create anew my vicious Heart,
And fill it with thy saving Grace.

IV.

The Wicked will I teach thy Ways,
And lead them to my Saviour's Blood,
Sinners shall learn thy Sovereign Grace,
And praise a good forgiving God.
O! may thy Love inspire my Tongue,
And all my Pow'rs shall joyn to bleſs
Thy great Salvation in a Song
Of Thee the Lord my Righteousneſs.

V.

No Sacrifice doſt thou require,
O Lord, my Saviour, and my King !
A broken Heart is thy Deſire,
And all I can afford to bring.
Rebuild thine own Jeruſalem,
And raiſe her broken Walls again,
Where Chriſtians joy to ſee thy Name
Exalted in thy glorious Reign.



OF REPENTANCE

Let not the Spirit of Repentance

Not drive me from the Holy Land

For I am a Sinner

And I am a Sinner

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Aus

Penitential Hymn

Out of the Deeps of long distress the Bor-
I send my Cries to seek thy grace my groans
-ders of despairing Great God should thy
to move thy hearing
seve- rer Eye mark and revenge I ni- qui- ty
who could abi- de thy Judgment

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Aus tieffer Noth schrey ich zu dir.

On the CXXXth Psalm.

I.

OUT of the Deep's of long Distress,
The Borders of Despairing,
I send my Cries to seek thy Grace,
My Groans to move thy Hearing ;
Great God ! Shou'd thy severer Eye
Mark and revenge Iniquity,
Who cou'd abide thy Judgment.

II.

But thou hast built the Throne of Grace
Free to dispense thy Favour,
That Sinners may approach thy Face
To ease their mournful Labour ;
For Pardon is with Thee our God,
Thy Son has seal'd it with his Blood ;
This is our only Refuge.

III.

In Thee alone I put my Trust,
And only plead thy Merit,
For Thou art kind as well as just,
Thee I adore in Spirit :

Nor

62 Of REPENTANCE.

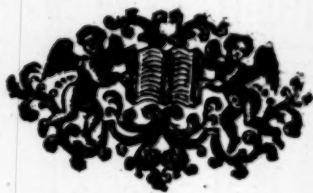
Nor shall I trust thy Word in vain,
'Tis the Relief from all my Pain,
When living, or when dying.

IV.

Just as the Guards that keep the Night
Long for the rising Morning,
So wait I for thy gracious Light
Of which thou gav'st me Warning.
Then let the Sons of *Israel* wait
On God before his Holy Gate,
'Till he display his Blessing.

V.

2 There's full Redemption at his Throne,
For Loads of black Transgression ;
He pardons what our Hands have done,
When Christ makes Intercession :
Great is his Love, and large his Grace,
He turns our Feet from sinful Ways,
And *Israel* shall be saved.



OF REPENTANCE

For I have sinned against thee
Thee O Lord my God
When I was angry I have
When I was angry I have

For I have sinned against thee
Thee O Lord my God
When I was angry I have
When I was angry I have

For I have sinned against thee
Thee O Lord my God
When I was angry I have
When I was angry I have

A Penitential Hymn upon the VI Psalm

{ Lord with draw the dreadful Storm of thine
Wilt thou crush a fee-ble worm in's a-

indig-nation) Oh let not wrath grow hot
-bomi-nation)

'gainst thy wretched Crea-ture and his

sinful Na-ture

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Of REPENTANCE. 63

Straff mich nicht in deinem Zorn.

I.

LORD! withdraw the dreadful Storm
Of thine Indignation :
Wilt thou crush a feeble Worm
In's Abomination.

Oh! let not
Wrath grow hot
'Gainst a wretched Creature,
For his Sinful Nature.

II.

Lord! I'm by thy angry Touch
Rack'd with Pain and Anguish :
Every Night I wash my Couch
With my Tears, and languish :

I am hoarse
With the Course
Of my Voice's straining
In my sad Complaining.

III.

Pain and Grief wear out my Days,
Midnight wastes with Crying ;
Counting Minutes as they pass,
Till the Morn I'm spying.

Nothing more
Grieves so sore,
But that I'm th' Offender
'Gainst a God so tender.

IV.

Lord ! mine Eye's consum'd with Grief,
And my Heart with waiting,
For thy Fatherly Relief,
And thy Wrath's abating.

Lord !

Lord ! how long
 Shall my Song
 Dwell on Lamentation,
 Void of Consolation.

V.

Hear when Dust and Ashes speak,
 Pity their Out-crying :
 Save me for thy Mercies Sake,
 Keep my Soul from dying.
 Hear my Groans,
 Heal the Bones,
 Which thy Wrath has broken,
 Sin's most woful Token.

VI.

Lord ! restore my feeble Breath,
 Raise my Soul from fainting ;
 Who can praise Thee after Death,
 Where is no Repenting.
 Hear me now,
 Only Thou
 Can'st relieve thy Creature
 From the Curse of Nature.

VII.

Fly, ye Tempters, far from me,
 God hears my Petition ;
 Hope revives, I shall be free
 From this sad Condition.
 Sin shall dye,
 Satan fly ;
 What they've here tormented,
 There shall rest contented.

MATTHEW 11

Handwritten musical notation on ten staves. The notation is in a historical style, featuring various note values (minims, crotchets, quavers), rests, and bar lines. The ink is dark and the paper is aged and stained. The notation is written in a cursive hand, typical of 17th or 18th-century manuscript notation. The staves are numbered 1 through 10 on the left margin.

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father who from Heav'n above bid'st us to

6 5 7 4# 6

live in constant Love as Brethren and in truth to

6 6 # 6 6 #

Joyn to adore this Fathers name of thine grant we

6 # 6 # 6 6

may all ways pray to thee in spirit and sincerity

4 6 6 7 4 3 6 5 # 7

7 6 6 5 4#

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Upon the Lord's Prayer.

Vater unser in Himmelreich.

I.

OUR Father ! who from Heav'n above
 Bid'st us to live in constant Love
 As Brethren, and in Truth to joyn
 T'adore this Father-Name of thine,
 Grant we may always pray to Thee
 In Spirit and Sincerity.

II.

Thy Name be hallow'd every where,
 Make us to read thy Word with Care,
 That we may live accordingly,
 And praise thy sacred Name on high ;
 From all false Doctrine, Self-Conceit,
 Thy poor deluded Flock retreat.

III.

Thy Kingdom come, thy Grace be nigh,
 O'er all the Earth, o'er all the Sky ;
 The Holy Spirit of thy Grace,
 Bestow his Gifts on Human Race ;
 From Satan's woful Tyranny,
 Keep all thy Churches safe and free.

K

IV. Thy

IV.

Thy will be done in Earth, as well
 As 'tis in Heav'n where Angels dwell;
 In Joy and Sorrow make our Mind
 Be chearfully to Thee resign'd.
 All Motions of our Flesh and Blood
 Subdue, when thy Will is withstood.

V.

Give us this Day our Daily Bread,
 And what we want for present Need :
 From sad Contention, War, and Strife,
 From Dearth, and Pest, remove our Life.
 Preserve our Peace and Liberty,
 From filthy Lucre make us free.

VI.

Forgive us all our Trespases
 That are so great and numberless,
 And make us willing to forgive
 Our Enemies with whom we live,
 Let mutual Love and Charity
 Unite thy Christian Family.

VII.

Into Temptation lead us not
 When Satan lays his secret Plot,
 But lend us thine Almighty Hand
 To fight with Courage, and withstand;
 That arm'd with Faith, as with a Shield,
 We may at last obtain the Field.

VIII. At

VIII.

At length begin to set us free
From Sin, and all its Misery:
Redeem us from eternal Death,
Thy Grace relieve our dying Breath.
A blessed *Exit* be our Doom,
To bring us t'our eternal Home.

IX.

For thine's the Pow'r and Majesty,
Now, and to all Eternity.
Increase our Faith, and guide our Ways,
And give us Grace thy Name to praise.
According to thy sacred Word,
A blessed *Amen* us afford.





Of Spiritual Combat.

Ich ruff zu dir Herr Jesu Christ.

I.

I Cry to Thee, my dearest Lord,
 O, grant my Sighs a Hearing,
 And let the Promise of thy Word
 Preserve me from Despairing;
 That saving Faith, Good Lord! I mean
 Thou would'st bestow upon me
 Thus to love Thee,
 That Heart and Hands be clean,
 And keep thy Word devoutly.

II.

Still let me add, O Lord my God!
 In hopes of no Denial,
 Destroy not with thy wrathful Rod
 Me in the fiery Tryal.
 Give living Hope when I go hence,
 And total Resignation,
 Detestation
 Of all Self-Confidence
 Concerning my Salvation.

III. Grant

Spiritual Warfare

I cry to thee my dearest Lord O grant my
And let the promise of thy word preserve me

sighs a hea ring } that saveing Faith good
from dispa ring }

Lord I mean thou woudst bestow upon me thus to love

thee y heart & hands be clean and keep thy word devoutly

III

...in the midst of the world
...the heart of the world
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...the heart of the world

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III.

Grant me a good forgiving Mind
To all that are against me,
Cast all my num'rous Sins behind,
Renew thy Life within me.
Thy Word be my continual Food
To keep my Soul from starving,
Never swerving
From Thee when Satan's Brood
My Ruin is observing.

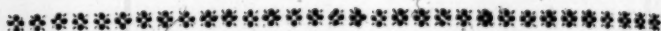
IV.

Let neither Lust nor Fear prevail
To draw me from thy Presence;
By aiding Grace I shall not fail
Of Duty and Obedience:
For who has ought but what thou giv'st?
Thy Favour none can merit;
But thy Spirit,
By whom thou all reliev'st,
Can graciously confer it.

V.

I fight, Lord Jesus! and withstand,
Do thou relieve my Weakness,
Support me with thy mighty Hand,
And thine abundant Greatness.
When Sin and Satan raise their Force,
Let me be never frightened,
But delighted
To run my Christian Course
'Till I'm with Thee united.

Upon



Upon Spiritual Distress.

PART the First.

I.

FAithful God! I lay before Thee
 All the Anguish of my Heart :
 Though thou know'st how Grief has tore me,
 Better than I can impart :
 Lord ! my Weakness makes me cry
 In Temptation, when I vye
 With the Fiend, that wou'd bereave me
 Of the Faith thou giv'st to save me.

II.

God! from whom nought is concealed,
 Knows how vain's my Care and Strife;
 In thy Word thou hast revealed,
 That free Grace bestows my Life:
 All the Good I find in me,
 Doth proceed alone from 'Thee ;
 'Thou thy saving Health bestowest
 On those thou in Mercy knowest.

III.

Unto thee, my God! I'm crying,
 In this great Necessity;
 Hear my deep and frequent Sighing,
 Cast me not away from thee ;

Satan's

s.

me,

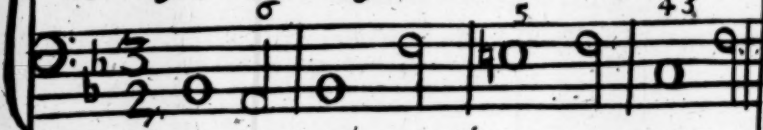
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atan's

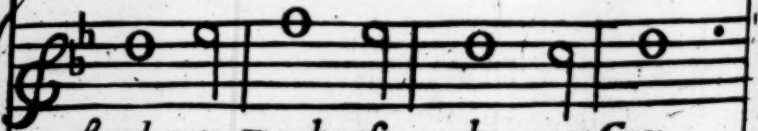
Spiritual Combat



{ Faithfull | God I lay be-fore thee
Though thou know'st how grief has tore me



all the Anguish of my Heart }
better then I can im-part }



Lord my weakness makes me Cry



Handwritten musical score for three systems of a hymn. Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words underlined. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system has a page number '87b' at the end. The third system ends with a double bar line.

in Tempta - tion when I vye

with the Fiend that would bereave me

of that Faith thou giv'st to save me

87b

Satan
Strengthen
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Satan's Malice overthrow,
Strengthen me against the Foe ;
Ever keep my Faith from failing,
Jesu! make thy Grace prevailing.

IV.

Jesu! Source of our Adoption,
Thou, who never did'st reject
Those that mourn their sad Corruption,
But dost all thy Sons direct:
Shou'd our Faith as small, through Fear,
As a Mustard Seed appear,
Yet it shall be so improved,
That great Mountains may be moved.

V.

Let me find, O my Redeemer!
Mercy in mine Agony ;
Make me conquer the Blasphemer
And his secret Slavery :
Strength of Faith add by thy Word,
Grant to me thy Spirit's Sword ;
Thus shall Satan be deceived,
And his Darts of Points bereaved.

VI.

Holy Ghost, of equal Honour
With the Father and the Son,
Of all Gifts the only Donor,
Hear me from thy Holy Throne :
Through thy Mercy I believe,
Let me not my self deceive,
But depend in this my Weakness.
On thy all-sufficient Greatness.

VII. Rescue

VII.

Rescue me from present Dulness;
 Thy good Work in me advance;
 And relieve me from the Fulness
 Of thy gracious Countenance:
 Keep the little Spark of Grace,
 That with Joy I run my Race,
 And obtain the Prize of *Sion*
 Which I ever keep my Eye on.

PART the Second.

VIII.

Greatest God! beyond Relation,
 Ever-blessed One in Three!
 Thou alone art my Salvation,
 Strengthen mine Infirmary:
 Quench thou Satan's fiery Dart,
 E'er it reach my trembling Heart,
 Lest the Loss of Consolation
 Drive me into Desperation.

IX.

Guard me from his vile Devices,
 Which thou know'st are numberless;
 Keep me free, when he intices,
 From a fatal Carelessness:
 Grant me such a Strength, that I
 May withstand him valiantly,
 And avoid his secret Paces,
 Thro' thine all-sufficient Graces.

X. Reach

X.

Reach thy Hand to thy frail Creature,
That is now in great Distress,
Shrinking under feeble Nature,
Till the mighty Storm grows less :
Lead me by the Holy Ghost,
So that Satan may not boast
Of his having disappointed
Me, thy Child, thou hast anointed.

XI.

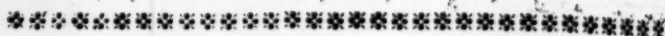
Come, O God ! to my Assistance,
Be my Rock and Confidence ;
In myself is no Resistance,
Raise me on some Eminence ;
And relieve me with thy Shield,
That I may obtain the Field,
Overcome that grand Destroyer,
That has ever been a Lyar.

XII.

All my Life shall be employed
In thy Praise, with all my Might,
That the Fiend has been destroyed,
And with Shame has lost the Fight :
Glorious shall thy Mercy be,
Here, and in Eternity ;
Heav'n and Earth, O great *Jehovah!*
Shall resound with *Hallelujah!*

L

of



Of Self-Denial.

Jesu meine Freude.

I.

Jesu ! Source of Gladness,
 Comfort in my Sadness,
 Thou can'st end my Grief;
 Lord, thy Sight is wanting,
 While my Heart is panting,
 After thy Relief.
 Saviour Christ ! my Lamb and Priest !
 Heav'n and Earth without thy Treasure
 Can afford no Pleasure.

II.

Under thy Protection,
 Hell and Sin's Infection
 Cannot hurt my Heart.
 Winds may roar and thunder,
 Satan seek to plunder,
 Vain is all his Art.
 Lightnings Flash may fright and dash,
 Nay disturb the whole Creation,
 Christ is my Salvation.

III.

I defy all Evil,
 Sword, Death, Hell and Devil,
 With their slavish Fear.
 Tho' the World be stinging,
 Yet I will be singing,
 For my God is near.

Satan's

Self Denial

Je - su source of gla - dness comfort
Lord thy sight is wan - ting while my

This system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melody of half and quarter notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a bass line with some accidentals and fingerings (4, #, 7) indicated below the notes.

in my sad - ness thou canst end my grief
Heart is pan - ting af - ter thy relief

This system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melody of half and quarter notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a bass line with some accidentals and fingerings (4, #, 7) indicated below the notes.

Saviour Christ my Lamb & Priest without thee

This system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melody of half and quarter notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a bass line with some accidentals and fingerings (4, #, 7) indicated below the notes.

all worldly Treasures can afford no Plea - sure

This system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melody of half and quarter notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a bass line with some accidentals and fingerings (4, #, 7) indicated below the notes.

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Fly
Jes

Tho
Shan

Tho

Satan's Clan may curse and ban,
Earth and Hell must soon be quiet
Tho' they storm and riot.

IV.

All ye worldly Treasures!
With your sinful Pleasures,
To your Slaves remove!
Honour and Ambition,
Cease your Opposition
To my sacred Love;
Death and Pain with all their Train,
Shall do nothing but discover
How I love my Lover.

V.

I wou'd leave for *Jesus*
All the Gold of *Cræsus*,
And its dazzling Shew.
Sisters of Ambition!
Your admir'd Condition
Must expire in Woe.
Get ye Hence, ye Joys of Sence
To the Men of Wit and Pleasure,
Jesus is my Treasure.

VI.

Fly ye gloomy Spirits,
Jesus with his Merits
Clears my Horoscope.
Those that love *th' Anointed*,
Shan't be disappointed
Of their living Hope.
Tho' I here with Patience bear,
Christ is turning all my Sadness
Into Joy and Gladness.



Ach Gott wie manches Hertzeleyd.

I.

O Lord! how many Miseries
Assault and discompose my Peace;
The Path that leads to Sion's Gate
Is full of Thorns, and very streight.

II.

How hard it is for Flesh and Blood
To seek the everlasting Good;
I know not where to turn my Face,
But, Christ! to thy redeeming Grace.

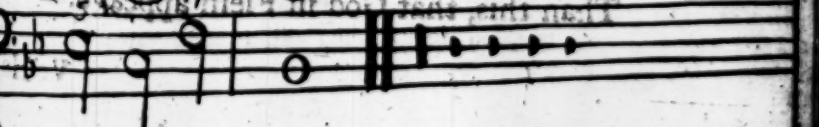
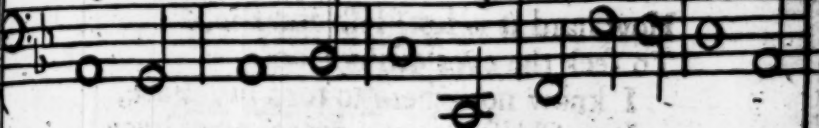
III.

My Heart has never been dismay'd,
Whene'er in thee it look'd for Aid;
No Mortal yet was ever lost,
Who put in Christ alone his Trust.

IV.

That thou art God, as well as Man,
Lord, thy Redemption makes it plain;
No greater Wonder has been heard,
Than this, that God in Flesh appear'd.

Spiritual Warfare



Epistle to the Church of the Holy Spirit

He that is by the Spirit and
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with the Spirit

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The never canst forsake thy child
For by thy Grace is reconciled
Thou art the Shepherd of my soul
That ever keeps me found and whole

V.

He sav'd us, by his Death and Tomb,
From Sin, and from the Wrath to come:
My *Jesu*, Lord and God alone!
What Name is sweeter than thy own?

VI.

No Grief can ever be so fore,
But thy Salvation cheers us more ;
No Pain so raging but thy Name
Can still assuage and heal the same.

VII.

Nay, though my Flesh and Heart shou'd fail,
Thy Presence, Lord! will yet prevail ;
Enjoying thee, and thy free Love
I share the Bliss of Saints Above.

VIII.

Thine would I be in Soul and Mind,
And leave Sin, Death, and Hell behind ;
Nor can I better fix my Trust,
Than in the God of whom I boast,

IX.

Thou never can'st forsake thy Child,
That by thy Grace is reconcil'd ;
Thou art the Shepherd of my Soul,
That ever keeps me sound and whole.

X. Thou

P A R T the Second.

X.

Thou art my Comfort and Renown,
My Treasure, and eternal Crown;
No Tongue is able to express
What Joy the Name of *Jesus* has.

XI.

He that has Faith and Charity,
Can by Experience join with me;
I'd make this bold Assertion good,
And dare to seal it with my Blood:

XII.

Were there no Joy in God for me,
'Twere better I should never be;
For he that has not Christ within,
Is dead in Trepasses and Sin.

XIII.

Thou sweetest Bridegroom of my Soul,
Thou Jewel choice beyond Controul,
In thee I justly more rejoice,
Than in the World's most glittering Toys.

XIV. As

XIV.

As often as I think on thee,
My Heart for Joy doth leap in me ;
When I but fix in thee my Hope,
Thy Peace and Comfort bears me up.

XV.

When in my Pain I pray and sing,
My Heart is quite another Thing ;
Thy Spirit witnesses, that this
Is but the Fore-taste of thy Bliss.

XVI.

I then, as long as Life shall be,
Will bear the Cross, and follow thee :
O Lord! prepare this Heart of mine,
Let it to nothing else incline.

XVII.

Assist me with thy mighty Grace,
With Joy to run my Christian Race ;
Help me to conquer Flesh and Blood,
And make my Christian Warfare good.

XVIII.

Preserve my Faith from Error free,
That I my live and die in Thee ;
Lord Jesus Christ, hear my Desire,
Let me be Thine when I expire.

Of



Of Patience and Constancy.

Meineu Jesum lass ich nicht.

I.

NEver will I part with Christ
 Since he dy'd for my Salvation;
 Nay, I would be sacrific'd
 To obtain this Consolation,
 That I might enjoy the Sight
 Of his good and gracious Light.

II.

Jesus will I never leave
 Whilst I breath and have my Senses,
 From whose Merits I receive
 Pardon for my past Offences;
 All the Powers of my Mind
 To my Saviour are resign'd.

III.

Shou'd I lose my very Sight
 Touch and Hearing, Smell and Tasting,
 Lord, thy Love shall give me Light
 When my natural Oyl is wasting;
 When the Thread of Life is rent
 Christ shall be my Element.

IV. Less.

Love to Jesus

Never will I part with Christ since he dy'd

for my salva - tion nay I wou'd be Sacri -

ficed to obtain this consola - tion that I might

enjoy the sight of his good & gra - cious light

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IV.

Less far less, I then shall part
With my Lord, when in his Glory
I shall see my loving Heart
Rais'd above what's transitory;
Then with all his faithful Race
I'll rejoyce before his Face.

V.

Earth nor Heav'n can satisfy
No Desire of God's own making,
Only *Jesus* can supply
All my Wants with one Word speaking;
He's the Object of my Love
Here, and after my Remove.

VI.

With my *Jesus* I will stay,
For he is my new Creator
And my Life, my Truth, my Way
Leading me to living Water,
Blest is, who can say with me:
Christ ! I'll never part with Thee.

M

Chor-



Chearfulness of FAITH.

Auf meinen lieben Gott.

I.

IN God the Lord most just
 I place my only Trust,
 For he is my Redeemer
 'Gainst Sin, and the Blasphemer.
 He can and will relieve me
 From what my hurt and grieve me.

II.

Tho' Sin does rage and tear
 Yet I will not despair,
 For Christ is my Salvation
 In spite of all Damnation;
 On him I am relying
 While living or when dying.

III.

Shou'd my last Minute come,
 That will convey me Home,
 Where I shall see th' Intention
 Of Christ and his Redemption;
 I die now or to Morrow
 Then ceases Sin and Sorrow.

IV. O Lord

Trust in God

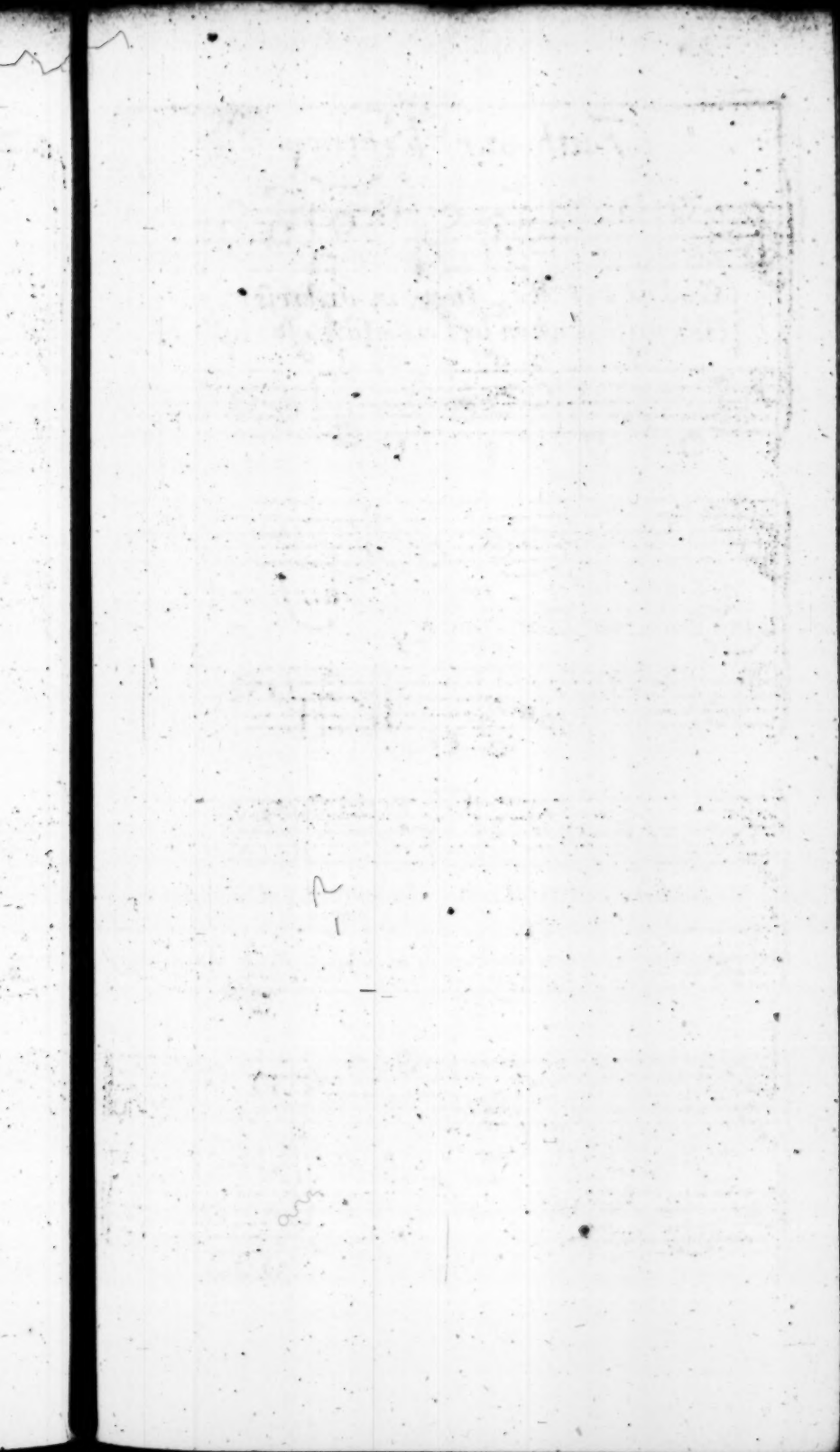
A handwritten musical score on aged paper, featuring four systems of music. Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The music is written in a historical style with various note values and rests. The lyrics are written between the staves. The first system has the title 'Trust in God' above the treble staff. The second system begins with the lyrics 'In God the Lord most Just I place my'. The third system continues with 'guly trust for he is my Redee- mer 'gainst'. The fourth system continues with 'Sin and the Blas- phe- mer he can & will relieve'. The final system concludes with 'me from what may hurt and grieve me'. The score includes various musical notations such as clefs, time signatures, and accidentals. There are also some handwritten annotations like '8', '6', '4', '3', '5', and '7' below the notes, possibly indicating fingerings or measure counts. The paper shows signs of age, including some staining and wear at the edges.

In God the Lord most Just I place my

guly trust for he is my Redee- mer 'gainst

Sin and the Blas- phe- mer he can & will relieve

me from what may hurt and grieve me



Faith our Victory

God is our Re-fuge in distress our strong
He's present when left comfortless in rag-

defence and a - rmour } Th' infernal Enemy
ing storms our Har-bour }

look how in rag'd is he he now exerts his force.

to stop th' Gospel course who can withstand this tyrant

IV.

O Lord God, *Jesus Christ*,
Our Saviour and High Priest,
Thy bloody Wounds and Passion
Exceed our Admiration;
All Praise of Men and Spirits
Fall short t'extol thy Merits.

V.

Amen with one Accord
Let us intreat the Lord,
To guide us with his Spirit
Till we at last inherit
Our great Redeemer's glory,
Farewell what's Transitory.



Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott.

I.

GOD is our Refuge in Distress,
Our strong Defence and Armour,
He's present, when left Comfortless,
In raging Storms our Harbour;
Th' infernal Enemy
Look! how enrag'd is he!
He now exerts his Force
To stop the Gospel Course;
Who can withstand this Tyrant?

M 2

II. All

II.

All human Pow'r must here be lost,
Our Strength wou'd soon be moved.
The *Valiant Man*, of whom we boast,
Is Christ the well-beloved;
This is the Conquerour
Endow'd with sovereign Pow'r,
The Lord both Great and Good
And only living God,
He gains the Field of Battle.

III.

If all the Devils shou'd wage the Fight,
In Order to destroy us,
They wou'd not put us into Fright,
The Vict'ry shou'd be joyous.
We scorn the Prince of Hell,
With Fury let him swell,
He cannot hurt one Hair,
We shall escape his Snare,
One single Word can rout him.

IV.

This Word puts all our Foes to Flight,
With Shame they are confounded,
For Christ instructs our Hands to fight,
His Spirit is unbounded :
Tho' we shou'd lose our Lives,
Fame, Children, Goods and Wives,
Destroying all they can,
They'll find but little Gain,
God's Kingdom is our Portion.

Praij

Praise of God

(Now let us praise the Lord with Body Soul
Who doth such wondrous things beyond our Sense

and Spi — rit } who from our Mothers womb
and Me — rit }

and tender Infancy preserves our life &

Limbs in Health and Liberty

Praise of GOD.

Nun dancket alle Gott.

I.

NOW let us praise the Lord with Body,
Soul and Spirit,
Who doth such wondrous Things beyond our
Sense and Merit,
Who from our Mothers Womb and
tender Infancy
Preserves our Life and Limbs in Health
and Liberty.

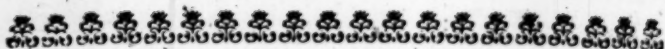
II.

O gracious God bestow on us, whilst Life is
breathing,
An always chearful Mind and Peace that's never
ceasing,
Keep us in Innocence and Christian
Constancy,
Thy Grace convey us Home to blest
Eternity.

III.

All Praise and Glory be to God our Heav'nly
Father,
And to his only Son, who all his Saints does
gather,
And to the Holy Ghost, O blessed Three
in one!
Thy Might and Majesty to all the
World be known.

Nun



Nun lob mein' Seel den Herren.

I.

MY Soul ! exault the Lord thy God,
 And what's within me blefs his Name,
 Make known his wondrous Works abroad,
 My Heart do not forget the same ;
 Who pardons all thy Trepaffes,
 Thy Frailties he repairs,
 Preserves thy Life from great Distress,
 With Mercy crowns thy Years ;
 He fatisfies thy Mouth with Good
 Renews thine Age with Strength ;
 The Lord has Judgments for the Proud
 And faves th' Oppreff at Length.

II.

He has reveal'd his wond'rous Ways,
 By *Moses* was his Juftice known,
 But fent the World his Truth and Grace,
 By th' Incarnation of his Son.
 His Anger doth abate betimes
 And when his Rod is felt,
 His Strokes are fewer than our Crimes,
 And lighter than our Guilt ;
 His Grace fhall be for ever bleft
 With thofe that love his Name,
 Far as the Eaft is from the Weft,
 He cafts our Sin and Shame.

III.

As Fathers mov'd with Tendernefs
 Correct their younger Children's Faults ;
 So is God's Mercy never lefs
 To thofe that love him in their Thoughts ;
 He

1901

M

Make known

My heart

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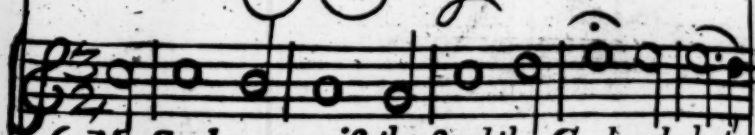
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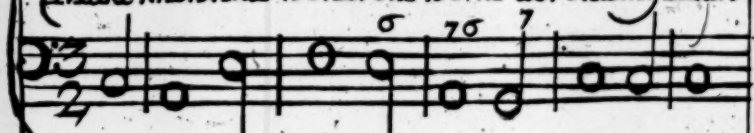
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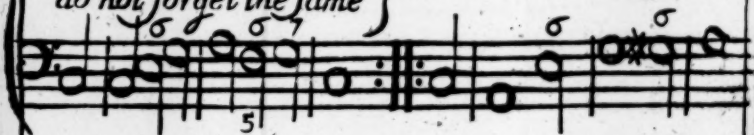
Praise of God



My Soul now praise the Lord thy God and what's
Make known his wondrous works abroad my Heart



within me bless his name } who pardons all thy Trespases
do not forget the same



passes thy frailties he repairs preserves thy



Life from great distress with mercy crowns thy

years he satisfies thy mouth with good renewals

thine age with strength the Lord has Judgment

for the Proud and saves the oppressed at length

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Praise of God.

87

He knows our short and feeble Breath,
He knows we are but Dust,
His Wrath can send us quick to Death,
He summons, die we must:
Our Days are like the Grass in *May*,
Or like the Morning Flow'r,
One blasting Gale, one scorching Ray
Will fade it in an Hour.

IV.

But thy Compassions Lord endure,
Now and to all Eternity;
As all shall find thy Promise sure,
That keep thy Statutes faithfully.
The Lord our great and glorious King
Has fix'd his Throne on high,
Ye Angels to his Glory sing,
All Men beneath the Sky
Joyn Hearts, and Lips with one Accord,
And praise his holy Name,
My Soul, according to his Word,
Do thou repeat the same.

V.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Be Glory Might and Majesty,
He is the God, of whom we boast,
On whose kind Promise we rely;
Let our united Zeal be shewn
His glorious Fame to raise,
For he's the God, whose Name alone
Deserves our endless Praise.
Thus we with humble Confidence
Conclude our best Desires,
And saying, Amen in this Sense,
Our Faith shall ne'er expire.

Wunder-



Wunderbarer König.

I.

Wonderful Creator,
Sovereign Arbitrator!
Look upon us in thy Mercy.
Christ our blessed Saviour,
Slight not our Behaviour
Though we have rebell'd against Thee.
Lord our King!
Make us sing,
With a due Contrition
And profound Submission.

II.

Heav'n! proclaim the Honor
Of thy mighty Donor
Far beyond the whole Creation.
Sun! let this Days Duty
Shew thy Author's Beauty,
In thy Course without Cessation.
Every Star
In the Air
Pay him due Allegiance
In your fix'd Obedience.

III. O m

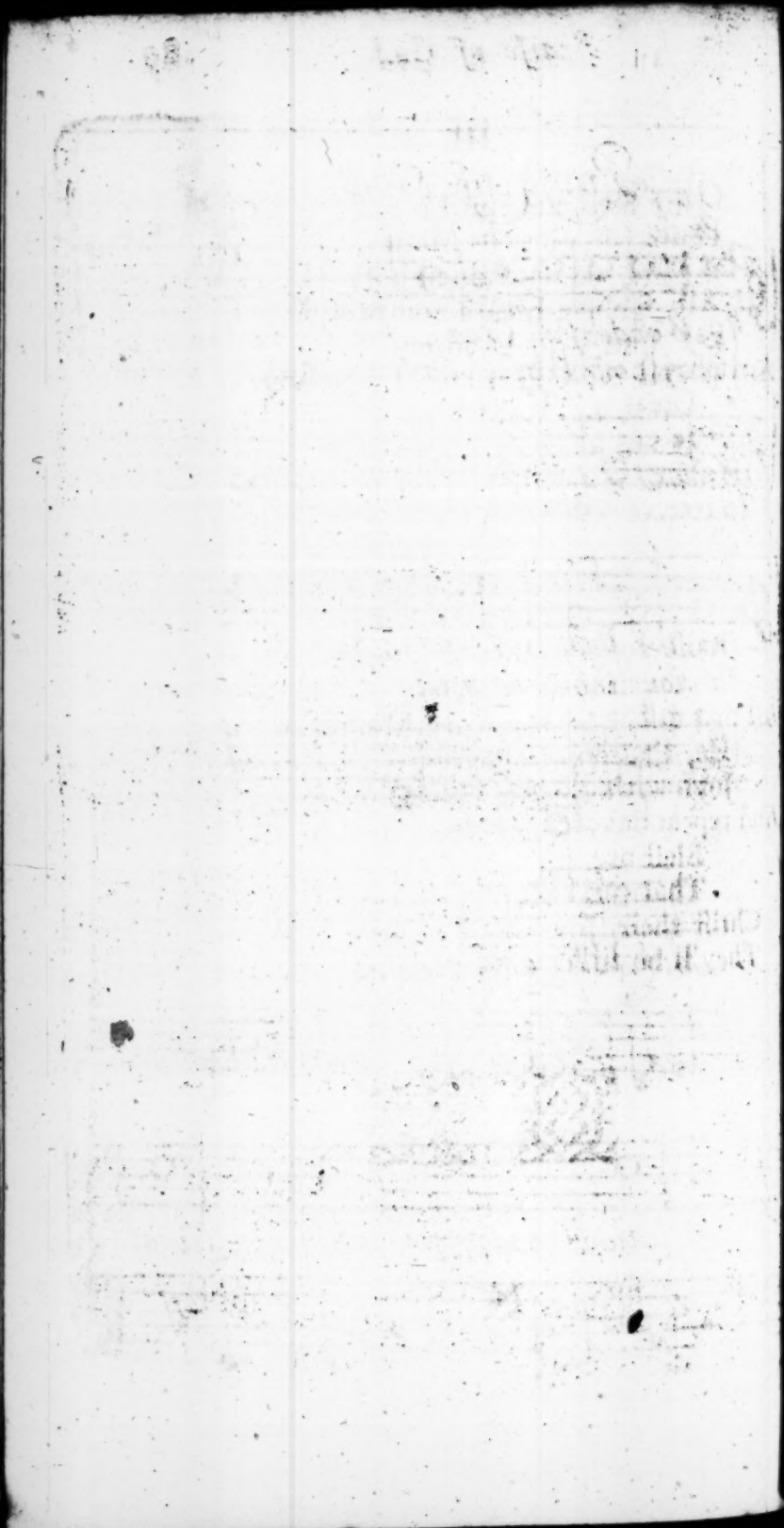
Praise of God

Wonderfull Crea — tor Sov'reign arbi —
Christ our Blessed Saviour slight not our be —

— tra — tor look upon us in thy mer — cy
— ha viour tho we have rebell'd against thee

Lord our King make us sing with a true Con

— tri — tion and profound Submi — ssion



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III.

O my Soul and Spirit !
Praise the glorious Merit
Of the Lord without dissembling ;
All, who've Breath and Motion,
Pay him your Devotion,
And rejoyce with Fear and Trembling.
Great and Good
Is our God,
He alone is worthy
To receive all Glory.

IV.

Raise your Hymns of Praises
To the Name of *Jesus*,
All that taste the Heav'nly Manna !
He, that thus rejoyces,
Joyn with all our Voices,
And repeat devout *Hosanna*.
Blest are all !
That can call
Christ their Joy and Treasure,
They'll be fill'd with Pleasure.





Of Spiritual Marriage.

Wie schön leucht uns der Morgen Stern.

I.

HOW bright appears the Morning Star
 With Grace and Truth beyond compare,
 The Royal Root of Jesse?
 O *David's* Son of *Jacob's* Line!
 My Soul's Delight and Spouse Divine,
 Thy Love can only bless me.
 Precious, Gracious,
 Fair and Glorious, e'er Victorious,
 Thou my Treasure
 Art beyond all Joy and Pleasure.

II.

My choicest Pearl and precious Crown
 God and the Virgin *Mary's* Son,
 Thou King of endless Glory!
 Thou art compar'd to *S Sharon's* Flow'r,
 Thy Gospel and its saving Pow'r
 Transcends what's Transitory.
 Lovely Lilly,
 O *Hofanna*, Heav'nly Manna,
 Thy sweet Flavour
 Be mine everlasting Savour.

III. T



ge.

Stern.

star
mpare,

III. T

Spiritual Marriage

How bright appears the Morning star
O Davids Son of Jacobs Line

with grace and truth beyond Compare the
thou art my King and Spouse divine thy

Roy - al Root of Jef - se }
Love can on - ly bless me }

Pre-cious gra-cious fair and glorious

e'er vic-torious Heavenly trea-sure far be

yond all Joy and plea-sure

III



...the heart to be drawn out and broken
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III.

Thy Love so pow'ful and divine
Dart deep into this Heart of mine,
 Thou brilliant Stone and Jewel!
Confirm me more and more to be
A Branch of Thee the living Tree,
 That Self may lose its Fewel.
 Sighing, Dying
Is thy Creature, for in Nature
 Is no Comfort
Without Thee my King and Consort.

IV.

From God descends a Glance of Joy,
When thou with thy most gracious Eye,
 Behold'st thy loving Creature
Immanuel ! my sov'reign Good,
Thy Word, thy Spirit, Flesh and Blood
 Renew my very Nature :
 Grant me sweetly
Thine Embraces, that the Graces
 Of Salvation
May root out all Depravation.

V.

Thou Father from Eternity
In Mercy wast inclin'd to me,
 Through thy most well-beloved ;
Thy Son has chose me for his Bride
In this my Spouse I can confide,
 My Love shall ne'er be moved.

O! this Bliss is
 Of his giving, who's the Living,
 Bread and Manna,
 Ever will I sing *Hosanna*.

VI.

Tune all your Strings of Lute and Harp,
 Resolve the Notes of Flat and Sharp
 Into Celestial Concords,
 That nothing may disturb my Frame,
 Which is wrapt up in *Jesus*' Name,
 The sweetest of all Comforts.
 Ringing, Singing
 Be your Praises, that the Phrases
 Of your Duty
 Please the Lord of Bliss and Beauty.

VII.

My Joy to all the World be known,
 That my Beloved keeps his Throne
 On Hills of Light and Glory.
 He'll kindly bring me to that Place,
 Where all the Wonders of his Grace
 Shall lie disclos'd before me.
Amen ! Amen !
 Lord my Sov'reign! come and govern
 All the Nations,
 Come! I wait with great Impatience.

Of this kind is
Of his giving, who's the Father,
Bride and Mother

Ever will a King & Queen

Be to the Church, the Bride

And to the Church, the Bride

And to the Church, the Bride

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Sions Complaint

O Lord in mer_cy cast an Eye on
 How few of Christians can'st thou spy that
 thy distressed Si - on } thy truth was
 'scape the wicked Ly on }
 never more dispis'd Faith Charity is but di
 guis'd amongst its mere Profe - ssors



Sion's Complaints.

Ach Gott vom Himmel sieh darein.

I.

O Lord in Mercy cast an Eye
On thy distressed *Sion*;
How few of Christians can'st thou spy
That 'scape th' infernal Lyon?
Thy Truth was never more despis'd,
Faith, Charity is but disguis'd
Amongst its mere Professors.

II.

They teach but Lies and Flattery,
What is their own Invention;
Their Doctrine is but Mockery
Of God and his Intention:
One chuses this, another that
Pretending to they know not what,
Though Saint-like in Appearance.

III.

Root out all mere Formality
O Lord! and it's Infection,
Confound refin'd Hypocrisy,
Which is beyond Correction:
Yet shall our Words be free, they cry:
Where is the Lord will ask us why,
Who dare controul our Sayings?

IV. The

IV.

The Lord, who sees the Poor oppress,
 And hears these proud Professors,
 Will rise to give his Children Rest,
 And curb their fore Oppressors ;
 Nor will he send his Word in Vain,
 But willful Mockers shall be slain,
 To save his poor Beloved.

V.

As Silver seven Times purify'd
 Shines in its greatest Beauty ;
 So Lord thy Word, tho' often try'd,
 Shall still exert its Duty ;
 Affliction shall refine it more
 And shew its Energy and Pow'r
 According to thy Promise.

VI.

O Lord ! we pray, preserve it pure
 In this our Generation,
 And let us dwell in Thee secure
 From all Abomination.
 For Sin increases every Day,
 Where vile Blasphemers bear the Sway
 In Church or State forever.



Of the last Judgment.

Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit.

I.

TIS sure that awful Time will come,
 When Christ the Lord of Glory
 Shall from his Throne give Men their Doom
 And change what's Transitory;
 Who then will venture to retire,
 When all's to be consum'd by Fire
 As *Peter* has declared?

II.

The waking Trumpets all shall hear
 Throughout the whole Creation,
 And all the Dead shall then appear
 Plac'd in their proper Station;
 But all the Living at that Time
 Shall in a Manner more sublime
 Endure a Transmutation.

III.

The great Account shall then be read
 Of all Mens Lives and Actions,
 And Young and Old the Sentence dread
 Of their Misdeeds and Factions;
 Here is no Shelter to escape,
 But thou shalt see the very Shape
 Thy Soul has here contracted.

IV. Woe

IV.

Woe then to him ! that has despis'd
 God's Word and Revelation,
 And here done nothing but devis'd
 His Lusts Gratification :
 Then how confounded will he stand,
 When he must go at Christ's Command
 With Satan to Hell-Torment.

V.

Grant *Jesu* ! then my Name be found
 Within thy Book unblotted,
 When all with Aw shall stand around
 To hear their Doom allotted ;
 Of which I doubt not in the least,
 For thou as Saviour and High-Priest
 Hast purchas'd my Salvation.

VI.

Tis true as Judge thou shall appear
 As well as Intercessor ;
 Yet hope in humble Faith and Fear,
 Thou'lt call me thy Confessor,
 And bring me to that bless'd Place,
 Where I shall see with open Face
 The Glory of thy Kingdom.

VII.

O *Jesu* ! shorten thy Delay
 And hasten thy Salvation,
 That we may see that glorious Day
 Produce a new Creation ;
 O come, O Lord our Judge and King !
 Come ! change our mournful Notes, to sing
 Thy Praise for ever, *Amen.*

It is a great mercy that we are
not all damned for ever
but that we have a chance
to be saved by the blood of
Christ Jesus our Lord
and Saviour

Count the mercies of God
that have been shown to you
in Christ Jesus our Lord
and Saviour
for his love to us
in Christ Jesus our Lord
and Saviour

He has forgiven us all our
iniquities
and has reconciled us to
himself by his blood
the precious blood of his
only Son
to purify to himself a peculiar
people zealous of good works

That we should bring forth
the fruit of good works
which is the end of the
law
that we should be
holy and without blame
before him at the coming of
our Lord Jesus Christ
the Son of God
who will save us from
every iniquity
and will purify to himself
a peculiar people
zealous of good works

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of

Of awful Eternity

Eternity Tremendous word home striking
Eternity without a shore where ever

Point Heart piercing Sword beginning without
fiery Billows roar what is thy sight por

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43

deep would rouse a wretch from sinful Sleep

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Of Hell, and eternal **TORMENT.**

O Ewigkeit ! du Donner Wort.

I.

ETernity! tremendous Word,
Home-striking Point, Heart-piercing Sword,
Beginning without Ending!

Eternity! without a Shore,
Where ever fiery Billows roar,
What is thy Sight portending?
One Glimpse of thine unfathom'd Deep
Wou'd rouse a Wretch from sinful Sleep.

II.

What Pain was ever thought so great,
That must not with the Time abate
And lose its utmost Rigour?

Eternity does never cease,
Admits no Manner of Release,
But keeps its constant Vigour.
Or as our Saviour's Words express:
Eternity has no Redress.

III.

Eternity how long! how long!
Thou seizest Senses, Heart and Tongue
With pannick Fear and Terror;
When I revolve thy dreadful Chains
In that Abyss of endless Pains,
I'm overwhelm'd with Horrour.
What's in this Life of Misery
So frightful as Eternity?

O

IV. Shou'd

IV.

Shou'd Hell endure as many Years,
As many Men this World of Tears
Has seen from the Creation;
As many Stars adorn the Sky,
As many Leaves the Woods supply,
You'd hope for its Cessation.
This Sum of Ages wou'd but be
One Moment of Eternity.

V.

But having spent in endless Fears
So many Thousand Thousand Years,
Thy Scene is still beginning,
When thou hast suffer'd all these Times
The just Reward of wilful Crimes,
Thy Thread ne'er ceases spinning.
Th' eternal Now, who can unfold?
'Tis ever new, but never old.

VI.

O Lord! how is thy Sentence just
In leaving Men that Rebel-Dust,
To their deserv'd Damnation?
Short wilful Sins committed here
With long Remorse are punish'd there,
O Woe beyond Relation!
Weigh this, thou hardned Heart and Face
Thy Time is short, Death comes apace.

VII. Ha

VII.

Haſt thou yet Senſe, avoid the Snare,
Thy Pleaſures fleeting Moments are,
That dye as faſt as taſted,
Theſe at the Hazzard of thy Soul
Doſt thou purſue without Controul,
And ſeeſt thy Minutes waſted ?
Thou ſenſeleſs Wretch, thou matchleſs Fool,
Thou laugheſt and art the Devils Tool.

VIII.

As long as God eternal reigns
And his Almighty Sway retains,
Hell Torment will be laſting ;
They ſhall be plagu'd with Cold and Heat,
Thiſt, Hunger, Fire ſhall be their Meat,
Their Worm is never waſting ;
Then this eternal Miſery
Will end, when God ſhall ceaſe to be.

IX.

Awake and riſe from ſinful Sleep !
Bethink thy ſelf, thou ſtraying Sheep,
Return by true Repentance :
Arise! thy wicked Ways amend,
The Glaſs of Life runs to its End,
Then ſhiver at thy Sentence ;
Perhaps within few Minutes Breath
Thou'rt ſnatch'd away by ſudden Death.

X.

Let neither wordly Gain nor Lust,
Ambitious Pride nor golden Dust
Longer enslave thy Passions;
Look how the carnal Lethargy
O'erspreads the great Majority,
Who sport with all Temptations;
Above all Things keep in thy Sight
The forenam'd long eternal Night.

XI.

Most reprobate of all Mankind
Bereft of Sense, hard-hearted, blind,
Why dost thou love the Creature?
Shall that eternal Gulph of Hell,
Where Millions of Tormentors dwell
Ne'er Shock thy sinful Nature?
Can any Tongue of Eloquence
Perswade thee to a better Sense?

XII.

Eternity ! tremendous Word,
Home striking Point, Heart-piercing Sword,
Beginning without Ending !
Eternity without a Shore !
Where ever fiery Billows roar,
What is thy Sight portending ?
Lord *Jesu* ! when it pleases Thee,
Bring me to blest Eternity.



of HEAVEN, and the heavenly
JERUSALEM.

O Ewigkeit ! du Freuden Wort.

To the foregoing TUNE.

I.

ETernity delightful Sound !
Where real Joys are to be found
And Scenes of endless Glory !
O Life ! where Pleasures ever roll,
Thy Foretaste entertains my Soul
With Blifs not transitory.
Come all ! who long for Heav'n on Earth,
You'll find it in the second Birth.

II.

The Glories of this present World
By Time and Tide are tofs'd and hurl'd
Down to their full Destructions;
Look up, my Soul ! th' eternal Hills,
Where Pleasures glide on Chrystal Rills
With ever new Productions;
For as the blest Apostles say:
That Blifs admits of no Decay.

Eternity !

III.

Eternity ! thy endless Length
 Inspires my Soul with Christian Strength
 To bear these short Afflictions ;
 Consid'ring thine eternal Bliss,
 I slight this World's Calamities
 And constant Contradictions,
 Whilst there I fix my longing Soul,
 Where blissful Years for ever roll.

IV.

If you wou'd ballance all the Pain
 And Torments of the Martyrs slain,
 E'er from the Fall of *Adam*
 With that surpassing glorious Prize
 Reserv'd for Saints in Paradise
 Past mortal Sense to fathom,
 They wou'd be found too light and frail
 To move, much less to turn the Scale.

V.

Reflect upon the dreadful Coasts
 Of Hell, and all the frightful Ghosts
 Tormenting one another !
 Where numerous Crouds of Sinners lye
 Tortur'd with keen Despair they try
 Their Consciences to smother ;
 O ! What surprizing Grace is this
 Which frees us from that dark Abyss.

VI.

In Heav'n our happy Eyes and Ears,
 Shall still enjoy for endless Years
 Transcending Scenes of Pleasure ;
 There all the Saints in God rejoyce,
 They love and sing with Heart and Voice
 The Praise of God, their Treasure :

There

There Christ reveals a greater Store
Of Bliss, than they conceiv'd before.

VII.

How do I long and faint to see
The Courts of blest Eternity
In all their glorious Beauty!
I'd part with all the Joys of Sense,
Take Wings of Faith and fly from hence
To the Reward of Duty.
If Thought alone gives such Delight,
What must th' Enjoyment of thy Sight?

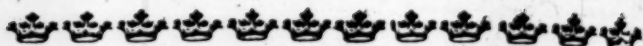
VIII.

Away with all the Dreams of Time!
Away! what worldings call sublime,
Away with sinful Pleasure!
Away with all the golden Dust!
What Thieves may steal, or Time can rust,
I long for greater Treasure:
Nothing created can suffice
A Soul, made for eternal Joys.

IX.

Eternity! delightful Sound!
Where real Joys are to be found
And Scenes of endless Glory!
O Life! where Pleasures ever roll,
Thy Foretaste entertains my Soul
With Bliss not transitory.
O Jesu! fix this Sense in me,
Till thou reveal'st Eternity.

Morning



Morning Hymn.

Wach auf mein Hertz und finge.

I.

MY Soul awake, and tender
To God, thy great Defender,
Thy Prayer and Thanksgiving,
Because thou art still living.

II.

Last Night, when lying senseless,
And utterly defenceless,
I was in greatest Danger.
From Darkness and its Ranger.

III.

Nay, when that Lyon's Fury,
Was ready to devour me;
Thy gracious Condescension,
Has cross'd his fore Intention.

IV.

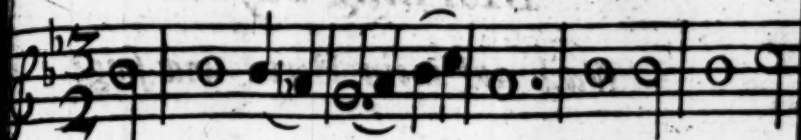
Thou said'st: My Child, be easy,
My Presence shall release Thee
From frightful Pain and Evil,
In spite of Hell and Devil.

V.

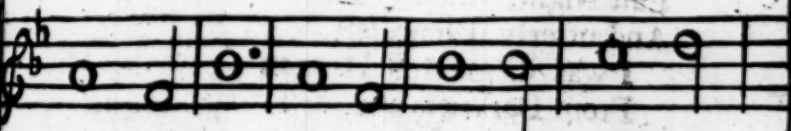
Thou Lord hast kept thy Promise,
In vain was Satan's Malice;
With Joy I now discover
Thy Light, O Lord my Lover.

VI. My

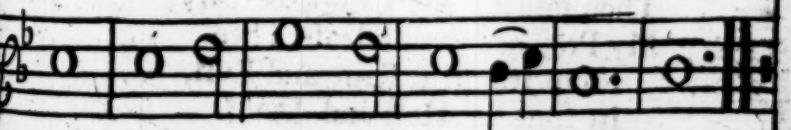
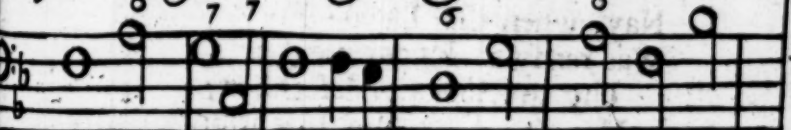
Morning Hymn



My Soul awake and ten - der to God thy



great Defender thy Prayers and Thanks -



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VI.

My Thanks shall be the Spices
Of Morning Sacrifices;
My deep Humiliation
Sues for thine Acceptation.

VII.

In gracious Condescension
Despise not my Intention;
Nor Body, Soul nor Spirit
Can boast of any Merit.

VIII.

Fulfil in me thy Pleasure,
Thy Mercy be my Treasure,
Thy Angel guard my Goings
From Satan's woful Doings.

IX.

Bless every Thought and Action,
Thy Will be my Direction,
Beginning, Middle, and Ending
To thee be only tending.

X.

Thy Bliss be my Salvation,
My Heart thy Habitation;
Thy Word my Food and Relish,
Till thou destroy'st what's Hellish.

Morning Hymn.

Gott des Himmels und der Erden.

I.

GOD, the Lord of what's created,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
 Night and Light Thou'st separated,
 Sun and Moon thy Glory boast.
 All that's in the Universe
 Thy preserving Grace rehearse.

II.

Lord! to thee my Praise and Prayer
 Is directed from my Heart,
 That thou'st kept my Soul's Betrayer
 Off from me with all his Art,
 So that his malicious Train
 By thy Grace is laid in vain.

III.

Let the Night of my Transgression
 With the Darknefs pass away.
Jesu! into thy Possession
 I resign myself to Day.
 In thy Wounds I find Relief,
 For my greatest Sin and Grief.

IV.

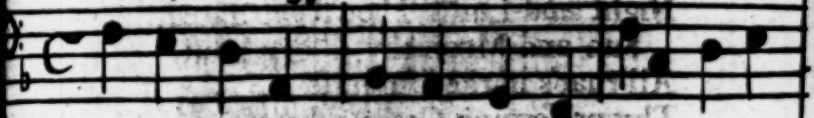
Grant that I may rise this Morning
 From the Lethargy of Sin,
 That my Soul with thy adorning
 Be all glorious within,
 And thy dreadful Judgment-Day
 May not find me cast away.

V. Let

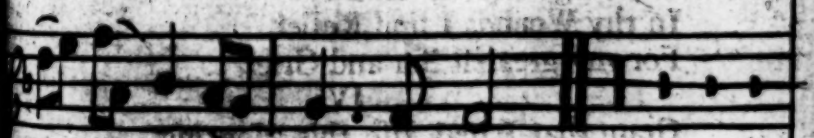
Morning Hymn



(God the Lord of what's Created Father Sun &
Night & Light hast se- parated Sun & Moon th)



Holy Ghost) All thats in the U- niverse
glory boast)



thy preserving grace rehearse

101

My dear Mr. H.

V

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V.

Let my Life and Conversation
Be directed by thy Word ;
Lord ! thy constant Preservation
To thy erring Child afford.
No where but alone in thee
From all Harm I can be free.

VI.

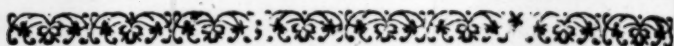
Lord ! my Body, Soul, and Spirit,
Keep in thine Almighty Hand :
By thy All-sufficient Merit,
Make me follow thy Command.
Oh ! my Glory and Renown,
Fit me for eternal Crown.

VII.

Guardian Angels charge around me,
To secure my Feet from Fall ;
And when Satan would confound me,
Disappoint his envious Gall.
Bring at last my Soul to Rest,
Where thou reign'st among the Blest.

VIII.

Hear my humble Supplication,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
With sincerest Adoration
Thee I love, of Thee I boast.
Lord ! I'll praise thy Majesty
Here, and in Eternity.



Evening Hymn.

Für deinen Thron tret ich hiemit,

I.

BEfore thy Throne I now appear,
O Lord! bow down thy gracious Ear,
Reject not from thy loving Face
A sinful Wretch, who sues for Grace.

II.

Thou *Father* of Eternity!
Thine Image hast impress'd on me:
In thee I am, and live, and move,
Nor can I breath without thy Love.

III.

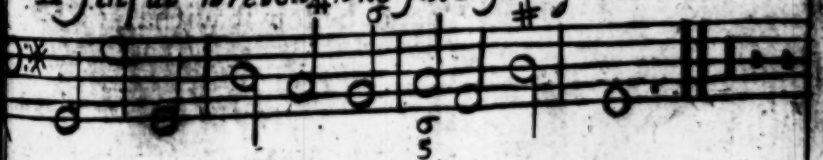
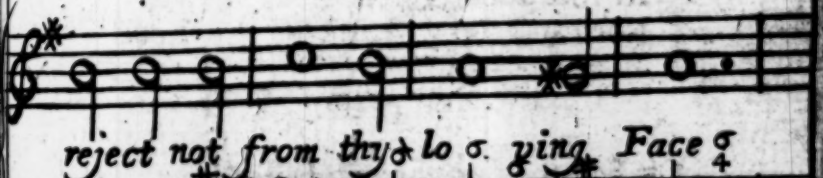
Oft hast thou sav'd me in Distress,
When in Despair, and comfortless,
When but a Step, nay, one Hair's Breadth
Was 'twixt my Life and dismal Death.

IV.

My Sense and Reason is from thee,
This Life's Provision giv'st thou me,
A Christian Friend bestow'st withal,
T' assist me when I'm like to fall.

V. Thou

Evening Hymn



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V.

Thou Son! by thy most precious Blood
Hast purchas'd everlasting Good :
The cursing Law thou dost assuage,
And sav'st me from th'infernal Rage.

VI.

When Sin and Satan me impeach,
And Conscience is within their Reach,
As Mediator thou step'st in,
And sav'st me from the Curse of Sin.

VII.

My Intercessor and High Priest,
My Joy, Truth, Comfort, and my Rest !
Thy All-sufficient Merit is
The Source of my eternal Bliss.

VIII.

Thou, *Holy Ghost*! Supreme Good,
Disposer of the Heav'nly Food.
What can be counted good in me,
That doth proceed alone from Thee.

IX.

'Tis thine that now I God adore,
And call him Father evermore,
That I thy Word and Sacrament
Retain and love with great Content :

X.

That in Temptation I am free
From Fear and sad Despondency,
That now and then I feel and taste
The Joy of thine eternal Rest.

XI. This

XI.

This makes my Heart and Tongue rehearse
Thy glorious Praise in Prose and Verse,
For all the Mercies thou'st bestow'd
Until this Evening, Oh, my God !

XII.

Beseeching thine Almighty Grace
To aid me till I've run my Race :
Whilst, all thou hast conferr'd on me,
Intirely is resign'd to Thee.

XIII.

Give me a Heart that is sincere
To love thy Truth, and persevere
In real Christianity,
And free from all Hypocrisy.

XIV.

Forgive the Sins of early Days,
As well as those of Carelessness :
Give me true Faith and Charity,
That all my Hope may rest in thee,

XV.

A blessed *Exit* grant I make,
And when, at last, I shall awake,
Then let me see thy glorious Face,
And reap the Blessings of thy Grace:

XL

The master my friend and I have received
The pleasure to be in your hands
For all the morning and afternoon
Until the evening of the day

Believe me, my friend, I am
To be in your hands
While I am
In your hands

Give me a hand
To be in your hands
In your hands
And I will be in your hands

Give me a hand
To be in your hands
In your hands
And I will be in your hands

Give me a hand
To be in your hands
In your hands
And I will be in your hands

Evening Hymn

And now another Day is gone the Sun has
left the Shore all seek for rest whose work is
done and who were tir'd before

The musical score is written on three systems of staves. Each system consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written between the staves. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line. There are various musical notations including notes, rests, and accidentals.

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Evening Song.

Nun ſich der Tag geendet hat.

I.

AND now another Day is gone,
The Sun has left the Shore,
All ſeek for Reſt, whoſe Work is done
And who were tir'd before.

II.

But thou, my God! want'ſt no ſuch Reſt
Thy Glory knows no Night,
With Thee the Darkneſs can't conteſt,
For Thou Thyſelf art Light.

III.

In Mercy Lord remember me,
This Inſtant ſhady Night
And grant to me moſt graciouſly
The Safeguard of thy Might.

IV.

Avert old Satan's Tyranny
By th' Holy Angels Hoſt,
So ſhall I be from Sorrow free,
And all, that grieves me moſt.

V.

But though I feel the Load of Sin
Which ſtill oppreſſes me,
Yet th' Anguiſh thy dear Son was in,
Has greater Weight with Thee.

VI. He

VI.

He is my only Advocate,
Whose Merits plead for me;
How can I be a Reprobate
In his Security?

VII.

With chearful Heart I close my Eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the Morning let me rise
Rejoycing in thy Love.

VIII.

Away from me, ye vain Desires!
I have a new Design,
The Temple, God of me requires,
Shall be this Heart of mine.

IX.

But if this Night shou'd prove my last
And end my Christian Race,
Convey me to thy promis'd Rest
Where I may sing thy Praise.

X.

Thus I desire to live and dye
To Thee the God of Love;
In Life and Death I do rely,
On Thee who reign'st above.

3
P. 2

11

Werde

Evening Hymn

Rouse thy Self my Soul and gather all thy
To admire thy Heavenly Father and the

Senses from abroad } For preserving
goodness of thy God }

thee this day chasing Satans Host away if their

malice & delusion could not put thee to confusion

Werde munter mein Gemüthe.

I.

Rouse thy self my Soul and gather
 All thy Senses from abroad,
 To adore thy Heav'nly Father,
 And the Goodness of thy God,
 For preserving Thee this Day
 Chasing Satan's Host away,
 That their Malice and Delusion
 Cou'd not put thee to Confusion.

II.

Blessed be thy gracious Favour
 Father of Eternity !
 That thou'st aided in my Labour,
 And my great Necessity ;
 That in all my Care and Grief
 Thou hast sent me thy Relief,
 And remov'd on all Occasion
 What might frustrate my Salvation.

III.

None of all the skill'd in Numbers,
 Nor the Sons of Eloquence
 Can express or count the Wonders
 Of Almighty Providence ;
 Nay, thy Mercies are too great
 For us Mortals to repeat.
 Let us then adore in Spirit,
 What's above our Sense and Merit.

Q

IV. Now

IV.

Now this tiresome Day is finish'd
 Weary Night draws on a Pace,
 Cheerful Day-Light is diminish'd
 And the Sun has hid his Face.
 Lord endow me with thy Love
 That I always may improve,
 Thy Paternal Demonstration
 To a total Resignation.

V.

Pardon, Lord ! each sad Transgression
 Whether open or unknown,
 With the Weight of whose Oppression
 I all Night in secret moan ;
 So that Satan's fiery Dart
 Often pierces through my Heart,
 And disturbs the best Intention
 Of thy Grace and thy Redemption.

VI.

Tho' I've stray'd from thee my Father,
 Yet I willingly return,
 For my great Salvation's Author
 Let thy Wrath no longer burn ;
 I confess the Guilt of Sin,
 But thy Grace can make me clean,
 Which exceeds beyond Expression
 All the Poison of Transgression

VII. Author

VII.

Author of Illumination,
Light of Light, eternal Word,
Soul and Body's Preservation
I resign to thee, O Lord :
My Redeemer dwell in me
That I sleep and wake with Thee,
And enjoy thy Consolation
In the Night of Perturbation,

VIII.

Guard me from the Snares of Satan,
And the Pow'r of Sin and Hell,
Which raise Dreams, I never thought on,
Nay abominate to tell.
Let me never lose the Sight
Of thy good and gracious Light,
Having thee I can be quiet
Midst the Furies Storm and Riot.

IX.

Though I close mine Eyes to slumber,
And my Head falls fast asleep,
Let my Heart admire the Number
Of thy Mercies o'er the Deep.
Fill me with thy sacred Love,
That I dream from thee above,
And keep close to Thee my Saviour
Even in my Nights Behaviour.

X.

Grant that under thy Protection,
 I enjoy a quiet Rest,
 Guard me from Night-Sin's Infection,
 Number me amongst the Blest;
 Soul and Body with my Mind
 Keep from Harm of any Kind,
 Friends and Foes and each Relation
 Visit with thy new Creation.

XI.

Let no frightful Rumour wake me
 From within or from abroad;
 Let no Sickness overtake me,
 Lord be thou my sure Abode.
 Fire and Water keep from hence,
 Sudden Death and Pestilence,
 Lest I dye in my Transgression
 And fall short of thy Possession.

XII.

Father! hear the Supplication
 Of thy poor unworthy Child,
 Jesu! thy procur'd Salvation
 Make me truly reconcil'd;
 Holy Ghost of equal Praise
 I depend upon thy Grace;
 Sacred Three! be pleas'd to say then:
 Even so it shall be! *Amen!*

Grant that our hearts
May ever be
Fixed on Thee
Our God and King
And that we may
In Thy love
Ever abide
Thy grace and love
Thy mercy and
Thy goodness
Thy kindness
Thy gentleness
Thy meekness
Thy lowliness
Thy humility
Thy patience
Thy long suffering
Thy forbearance
Thy gentleness
Thy meekness
Thy lowliness
Thy humility
Thy patience
Thy long suffering
Thy forbearance

Let us pray
From all our hearts
Let us ever be
Fixed on Thee
Our God and King
And that we may
In Thy love
Ever abide
Thy grace and love
Thy mercy and
Thy goodness
Thy kindness
Thy gentleness
Thy meekness
Thy lowliness
Thy humility
Thy patience
Thy long suffering
Thy forbearance

Thy grace and love
Thy mercy and
Thy goodness
Thy kindness
Thy gentleness
Thy meekness
Thy lowliness
Thy humility
Thy patience
Thy long suffering
Thy forbearance
Thy gentleness
Thy meekness
Thy lowliness
Thy humility
Thy patience
Thy long suffering
Thy forbearance

Praise after Meat

Father Lord of mercy we be leave to

Praise thee who reliev'st our present wants

with a pleasing sustenance & thy well beloved

by whose grace thy blessings are plentifully improved



Praise after Meat.

Den Vater dort oben.

I.

FAther, Lord of Mercy!
 We beg Leave to praise Thee,
 Who reliev'st our present Wants
 With a pleasing Sustainance;
 And thy Well-Beloved,
 By whose Grace thy Blessings are
 Plenteously improved.

II.

Thus in Truth and Spirit
 We return all Merit,
 To thy glorious Majesty
 Now and in Eternity;
 Since thy gracious Providence
 Has refresh'd our Life with Food,
 And supply'd our Indigence.

III.

Slight not this Oblation,
 Lord of our Creation!
 Which we bring in *Jesus* Name
 And the Merits of the Lamb,

By

By whose Intercession
 Thou art pleas'd to overlook
All our past Transgression.

IV.

What have feeble Creatures
In their sinful Natures,
 To return one single Grace,
 But Confusion of our Face?
Oh! who can repay Thee?
 For thy own is all we have
 And enjoy yet daily.

V.

Lord! accept our Graces
With this Song of Praises,
 And forgive what is amiss
 For his Sake who gave us Bliss.
Christ, thy blest Example
 Print upon us that we may
 Be thy living Temple.



In Common Calamity

When we are under grent distress and ev'ry

thing seems Comfortless no Creature gives

the least Relief but doth increasè our

Common grief



In Commemoration of the

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7

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...

IV

As thou hast promised in thy Word
To all that turn to thee, O Lord
And love the Name of Jesus Christ
Our Mediator and High Priest

V. We

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In Common Calamity.

Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen seyn.

I.

WHEN we are under great Distress,
And every Thing seems comfortless;
No Creature gives the least Relief,
But all encrease our common Grief.

II.

The only Refuge then we have,
Is that we meet, and humbly crave
Thy helping Hand, O faithful God!
To save us from thy wrathful Rod.

III.

And lifting up our Eyes and Heart
To thee, with true repenting Smart,
We seek Remission for Sins past,
To make thy Judgments cease at last.

IV.

As thou hast promis'd in thy Word,
To all that turn to thee, O Lord!
And love the Name of *Jesus Christ*,
Our Mediator and High Priest.

V. We

V.

We then address ourselves to Thee,
In this our geat Calamity,
Beseeching thine Almighty Hand
To take this Evil from our Land.

VI.

Remember not our num'rous Crimes,
But cleanse us from all Guilt betimes;
Assist us with thy mighty Grace,
And let us see thy loving Face.

VII.

That, for our great Deliv'rance, we
May render Praise and Love to Thee;
Pay true Obedience to thy Word,
And ever live in Thee, O Lord!

[Faint, illegible handwriting]

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In Common Calamity

Lord Je- su blessed Prince of Peace
Thou mak'st our Troubles rise and cease

true God and very man } thy saving
whose life is but a span }

name is what we claim before thy

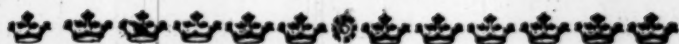
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Du Friede Fürst Herr Jesu Christ.

I.

Lord Jesu blessed Prince of Peace
True God, and very Man!
Thou mak'st our Troubles rise and cease
Whose Life is but a Span.
Thy Saviour's Name is what we claim
Before thy Heavenly Father.

II.

We are beset with great Distress
Of War and Pestilence,
Who can restore our Happiness
But Lord thy Providence?
Be pleas'd to plead for us in Need,
Avert th' impending Judgment.

III.

Thy Name agrees with thy Design,
Restorer of our Peace!
Thy Love so pow'rful and divine
Can give the Wretched Ease;
Withdraw not Lord thy holy Word,
From this our Generation.

IV.

The Danger is exceeding great
Where Pestilence prevails,
But who is able to repeat
The Mischiefs War intrails,
When we're debarr'd from all Regard
To Laws divine and Moral.

R

V. War

V.

War leav's no Room for Honesty,
All Mercy is forgot,
Thy Word blasphem'd to high Degree,
What Vice committed not?
O Lord our God ! remove this Rod
From thy distressed People.

VI.

We own, our Guilt deserves yet more
From thy provoked Hands,
But Grace is greater, we implore
Than Sins of all the Lands.
O Lord forgive, let Sinners live,
That we may praise thy Goodness.

VII.

Enlighten with forgiving Grace
The Darkness of our Heart,
That we may hate the Scoffers Ways
Nor take the Atheists Part.
Christ ! Thee we own, Thou art alone
Our Strength and our Redeemer.

Nimm



Nimm von uns Herr du treuer Gott.

To the *Tune* : Our Father ! who from Heaven, &c

I.

Remove from us, O faithful God
Thy dreadful and avenging Rod,
The Number of our crying Crimes
Has well deserv'd a thousand Times,
Sad Famine, War and Pestilence
Prevent by thy good Providence,

II.

In Pity Lord look on our Race,
We sue for thy all-saving Grace;
Shou'd thy just Judgments go so far
To call us to thy Sovereign Bar ?
No Man cou'd bear thy holy Sight
Or plead his guilty Cause aright.

III.

To Thee we trust, to Thee we sigh
And lift our heavy Souls on high,
Give us an Instance of thy Grace
In shewing thy relieving Face;
By true Repentance bring us Home
And save us from the Wrath to come.

R 2

IV. Why

IV.

Why wilt thou raise thy dreadful Storms
Against so vile and feeble Worms ?
Thou Author of our Being know'st
That this our Frame is Earth and Dust ;
Our best Endeavours are but frail,
If thou dost search we greatly fail.

V.

Sin still besets us every where,
Nor Satan fails to lay his Snare,
The wicked World with Flesh and Blood
Conspire to rob us of all Good,
O Lord this is not hid from Thee,
Have Mercy on our Misery.

VI.

Look on thy Son's most bitter Death,
Wounds, Agonies, and parting Breath,
These dreadful Suff'rings of thy Son
Atton'd for Sins which we had done;
O! for his Sake our Guilt forgive,
And let the mourning Sinners live.

VII.

O Lord conduct us by thy Hand,
And bless these Realms by Sea and Land;
Preserve thy Word amongst us pure,
Keep us from Satan's Wiles secure;
Grant us to dye in Peace and Love,
And see thy glorious Face above.

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Sup.

Upon the Names of Christ

My Father form thy Child according to thine

Image Create O God in me a new & contrite heart

- safe to number me in thine unspotted Linage and

make me so by grace as thou by Nature art & as



SUPPLEMENT.

Of the Names and Offices of CHRIST.

Mein Vater zeuge mich dein Kind.

I.

MY Father! form thy Child according to
thine Image,
Create O God in me a new and contrite
Heart,
Vouchsafe to number me in thine unspotted
Linage,
And make me so by Grace, as thou by Na-
ture art.

II.

My Light! enlighten me with thy transplen-
dent Favour,
Clear up my dismal Heart, dispel the Clouds
of Sin,
By Nature nothing else but sinful Things I
favour,
If Thou withdraw'st thy Light, I am all
blind within.

III. My

126 *Of the Names and Offices of Christ.*

III.

My everlasting Way! unbar the Gates of *Salem*,
That I may enter in, and tread the Paths of
Peace;
I've sojourn'd long enough amongst the Sons
of *Balam*,
And now I long for Home, where Sighs and
Sin shall cease.

IV.

O Thou eternal Truth! Let me thy Grace
inherit,
And sanctify my Mind with thy Serenity;
The Brightness of thy Word cast out the lying
Spirit,
And grant me Strength to stand against that
Enemy.

V.

My Life! live Thou in me, that I in Thee be
living,
For without Thee I'm dead to all that's true-
ly Good;
Thou art the Bread of Life, this *Manna* is
thy Giving,
Feed my distressed Soul with that Celestial
Food.

VI.

My Lamb! most innocent, meek, patient, full
of Sweetness,
Create thy lamb-like Mind in me thy stray-
ing Sheep:
Enable me to bear with Patience and with
Meekness
The Cross made light to me by wounding
Thee so deep.

VII. **My**

VII.

My Master ! Teach thou me to know my great
Creator,
Without thy Light I cannot see God, who
is Light ;
Instruct my Heart and Lips to call him *Abba*
Father
That mine Addresses may be pleasing in his
Sight.

VIII.

My High-Priest ! do not cease to pray for thy
lost Creature,
Upon the Father call with me incessantly ;
Thy Holy Spirit's Groans support me, when
frail Nature
In th'inward Combat shrinks and has no
Strength to cry.

IX.

My King ! defend thou me, when Flesh, World,
Sin and Devil
Assault the Spark of Grace, thou hast vouch-
saf'd to me,
The Shadow of thy Wings protect my Soul
from Evil,
For he's alone secure, who trusts alone in
Thee.

X. My

X.

My Shepherd ! feed my Soul with Food of thy
Salvation
And lead me, when I thirst, beside the Water
Springs ;
Restrain me when my Soul gives Way to strong
Temptation,
My scatter'd Mind bring back, when pleas'd
with empty Things.

XI.

My great Physician ! heal my Soul, whose
Sores are many,
Caus'd by my num'rous Sins, so heinous and
so foul,
That Sov'reign Remedy, thy Blood that's shed
for any,
Whose Refuge are thy Wounds, apply unto
my Soul.

XII.

My Friend ! bestow on me thine All-sufficient
Graces,
Confirm me more and more in holy Faith-
fulness :
Grant me that Confidence to fly to thine
Embraces
When Satan, Sin and Hell my trembling
Soul opprefs.

XIII. My

XIII.

My Bridegroom! love me still, endow me with
thy Spirit,
Enrich me with thy Grace, print on my
Heart thy Seal,
Thine intimate Embrace, O Lord! let me
inherit,
And to my longing Soul thy wond'rous Self
reveal.

XIV.

My one and all! let me with Thee be so united,
That fix'd on Thee alone, despise all Earth-
ly Toys,
And when I shall by Death to Thee be once
invited,
I may go well prepar'd into thy glorious
Joys.



Of the Love of Christ.

O *Jesu süßs!* *wer dein gedenckt.*

To the *Tune*: O Lord! how many Miseries.

I.

WHEN Thought brings *Jesus* to my Sence,
My Heart doth leap, my Spirits dance;
His blest'd Remembrance yields Delight;
But far more sweet will be his Sight.

II.

When I th' incarnate *Jesus* spy,
I'm lost in Joy, in Transport die;
When with his Name I'm charm'd in Song
I wish myself all Ear and Tongue.

III.

Of him, who did Salvation bring;
I could for ever think and sing;
Arise, ye guilty! He'll forgive;
Arise, ye Poor! For he'll relieve.

IV. His

IV.

His Grace but ask, and 'twill be giv'n,
He'll raise, and turn your Hell to Heav'n ;
When Sin and Sorrow wounds the Soul,
The Balm of *Christ* will make it whole.

V.

It dismal Clouds the Mind affright,
His Beams clear up the mournful Night,
These Pleasures are beyond Compare,
His Love exceeds our Wish and Pray'r.

VI.

His Praise whene'er we strive to tell,
Our Pens must flag, our Tongues must fail ;
The Joy's too great, we must confess ;
We feel a Bliss we can't express.

VII.

O wondrous *Jesus* ! GREATEST King !
The World doth with thy Triumphs ring ;
Thou conquer'st all, below, above,
Dire Fiends with Force, and Men with Love.

VIII.

Thus diff'rent Ways thou giv'st thy Laws :
Some Terror frights, some Softness draws ;
O shine upon us with thy Ray,
Expel dark Sin, and make our Day.

IX.

For thy Seraphick Sweets, we find,
Can cure the Conscience, and the Mind,
Chace Errors, which our Souls benight,
No Fiend, nor Falshoods bear thy Sight.

X.

This shews the World Things hid before,
That Glory's Shame, her Riches poor,
Her Pride Disgrace, her Pleasure Pain,
Her Wildom Nonsense, Bus'ness vain.

XI.

Thy Sunlike Light drives far the Cold,
Enlightens Love, and darkens Gold;
For they whose Sight its Beams restore.
Despise the Purse, to prize the Poor.

XII.

With Love of thee I'm overcome,
Entranc'd with Joy with Pleasure dumb;
When on the Cross I thee behold,
I lose all Strength, grow dead with Cold.

XIII.

The wounding Spear doth pierce my Heart,
When thou art nail'd, I feel the Smart,
Thy dying Groans my Sighs display,
Thou bow'st thy Head I sink away.

XIV. Ye

XIV.

Ye Hearts of Stone, come melt to see,
That this was done for you and me;
His Sorrows did procure our Joys,
And through his Blood we swim to Blis.

XV.

To shame our Sins, he blush'd in Blood,
He clos'd his Eyes to shew us God :
Let all the World fall down, and know,
That none but God such Love could show,

XVI.

His Love with equal Warmth pursue,
Burn t'wards him, as he flam'd for you ;
Love shou'd Returns of Love inspire,
And mutual Flames set us on Fire.

XVII.

View well his Face and winning Charms,
And fly with Speed into his Arms ;
Thy Love, my Saviour ! ne'er can cloy,
Fountain of Blis, and Source of Joy.

XVIII.

Oh! Let me ever share thy Grace,
Still feel thy Love and see thy Face,
Still let my Tongue resound thy Name,
And *Jesus* be my constant Theme.

XIX. For

XIX.

For tho' I can't Words worthy speak,
 Yet bar my Tongue, my Heart wou'd break;
 Big with thy Love, must somewhat say,
 And lest I burst, break out in Joy.

XX.

For when thy Charms fill full my Mind,
 I split, unless a Vent I find;
 Thy Merits in my Mem'ry roll,
 They sooth my Thoughts, and raise my Soul.

XXI.

The Love of *Christ*'s stupendious Meat,
 It fills me, yet I still cou'd eat;
 With this his Food I'm never cloy'd,
 Still hungry, when it is enjoy'd.

XXII.

Infatiate, to thy Spring I fly,
 I drink, and yet I'm ever dry,
 As Dropsy loves the liquid Store,
 I swell, and yet I thirst for more.

XXIII.

Against her Charms I can't be Proof;
 Ah! who that loves can have enough?
 No Heathen in this Feast delights,
 Unfit for sinful Appetites.

XXIV. No

XXIV.

No Beauty to the Blind appears
Sweet Sounds are lost on deafened Ears;
Christ is to me a pleasing Feast;
They Jesus love, who Jesus taste.

XXV.

Of this his Love who's once a Taste,
Will thirst for more, Thirst cannot waste;
But they thrice happy Lovers prove,
Whose Hearts are fill'd with Jesus Love.

XXVI.

Thy Name adorns the Angels Sphere,
Pleases the Taste, and charms the Ear :
Ten thousand Times I thee desire ;
If thou withdraw'st, I must expire.

XXVII.

When will thy Love enhance my Joy?
When shall my Soul with Kindness cloy?
Remembring thee, I panting lye ;
Thy Love revives, and makes me die.

XXVIII.

I rise and sink in Ecstasy,
Such Pow'r has Love, and killing Joy.
Sweet Love! thou art my publick Sighs,
For thee I pant in secret Cries.

XXIX. 'Tis

XXIX.

'Tis Thee I love ; for Thee alone,
 I shed my Tears, my Vitals groan,
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
 I meet the Object of my Love.

XXX.

In finding him, my Hours are blest,
 And when he's found, I'll hold him fast.
 O Bliss ! the Lord I sought appears ;
 My Sighs are lost with all my Fears.

XXXI.

Let Love for Joy *Hosanna* sing ;
 Heav'n, Earth with *Hallelujahs* ring :
 While I observe this welcome Day,
 I burn with Love, and dance for Joy.

XXXII.

The Love of *Jesus* now shall last,
 Preserve its most transporting Taste :
 No Intervals shall make me mourn,
 But its eternal Flame shall burn.

XXXIII.

Sent from above this Fire shall glow,
 Nor die as temp'ral Fire below ;
 It melts my Marrow, boils my Blood,
 It lights, yet not consumes its Food.

XXXIV. With

XXXIV.

With th' Damn'd I endless Heat sustain,
But mine's of Pleasure, their's of Pain.
What wond'rous Love is this I share!
It burns, but doth refresh like Air.

XXXV.

Come, Sinners! learn of me to love;
All wanton Charms from you remove;
My Passion's chaste, divinely good;
You love Men's Daughters, I my God.

XXXVI.

He's sweeter than the Sweets of *May*,
Far clearer than the brightest Day,
More pleasing to my Taste and Eye
Than Eastern Spice, or Eastern Sky.

XXXVII.

Oh! let my Mouth thy Beauties taste,
And with thy Charms my Nostrils feast:
Still let my Lips thy Glories kiss,
Tho' I must faint and swoon in Bliss.

XXXVIII.

To thee I'll be for e'er confin'd,
Bliss of my Heart, and Joy in Mind!
Of thee I think, of thee I boast,
Who sav'd the World, won't see me lost.

T

XXXIX. But

XXXIX.

But Christ retakes his Father's Throne;
 While Angels sing, Man's left to moan:
 But, Lord! I'll never part with Thee,
 I'll mount in thy Society.

XL.

Come all, and fast to *Jesus* cleave,
 Let's follow close, ne'er *Jesus* leave.
 Both Hearts and Tongues to *Jesus* raise,
 With Vows, and loud harmonious Lays.

XLI.

That when we shall have learn'd this Art,
 And from this earthly Choir depart,
 He may requite our Songs of Love,
 Raise us, and make us chant Above.



Of Chearfulness of Faith.

Von Gott will ich nicht lassen.

To the *Tune* : Ye Christians in this Nation.

I.

FROM God the Lord my Saviour
 I'll never swerve nor move,
 Whose Love, and kind Behaviour,
 Ne'er ceases to improve ;
 He always is the same,
 He shortens all my Sorrow,
 And will relieve to Morrow,
 Blest be his holy Name.

II.

When I am disappointed
 Of all Mankind's Relief,
 I fly to my Anointed
 Who softens all my Grief ;
 He ne'er denies his Love,
 To his distressed Creature,
 Tho' my depraved Nature
 He sharply doth reprove.

T 2

III. On

III.

On him I am relying
 E'en in the greatest Stress,
 He's daily verifying
 The many Promises
 He in his Word has made:
 My Life, my Breath and Motion
 Shall be at his Devotion,
 Whose Love can never fade.

IV.

His gracious Inclination
 Tends to my greatest Good,
 Seeks all Mankind's Salvation
 By our Redeemer's Blood,
 In whom we are restor'd,
 To his Paternal Kindness
 Redeem'd from sinful Blindness,
 His Name be e'er ador'd.

V.

Praise him with Hearts and Voices
 Which to that End were giv'n,
 For *Christ* himself rejoices
 To find our Thoughts in Heav'n:
 All other Time is lost,
 We spend in trifling Pleasures
 Regardless of those Treasures,
 Bought at our Saviour's Cost.

VI.

And when the present Fashion,
 Of this deceitful World,
 With all its Ostentation
 Down to its Doom is hurl'd;

Then

Then those redeem'd by *Christ*
Shall from the Grave's Corruption
Be rais'd to sing th' Adoption:
Hosanna in the High'st!

VII.

Thus whilst I bear with Patience
My present Misery
Due to my Disobedience,
Yet blest Eternity
I have within my View,
Where my Redeemer's Glory
Will change my mournful Story,
And form me quite anew.

VIII.

This is the Father's Pleasure,
Who rais'd us from the Dust,
His Son has endless Treasure
Lay'd up for all the Just;
And God the Holy Ghost
Will shew the new Creation
And bring us to that Station,
Where we shall love him most.

Cradle



Cradle HYMN.

Schlaff sanfft und wohl, schlaff liebes Kind.

To the Tune : *With this new Year.*

I.

Sleep well, my Dear! sleep safe and free,
The holy Angels are with Thee,
Who always see thy Father's Face,
And never slumber by his Grace.

II.

Thou liest in Down soft every Way,
Thy Saviour lay in Straw and Hay,
Thy Cradle is far better drest,
Than the hard Crib where he did rest.

III.

None dare disturb thy present Ease,
He had a Thousand Enemies,
Thou liv'st in great Security,
He forc'd to be a Refugee.

IV.

God make thy Mother's Health increase,
To see thee grow in Strength and Grace,
In Wisdom and Humility
As Infant *Jesus* did for Thee.

V. God

V.

God fill thee with his heav'nly Light,
To steer thy Christian Course aright,
Become a Tree of blessed Root
That e'er abounds with godly Fruit.

P A R T the Second.

VI.

Those Children are to God most dear,
That learn the Lesson of his Fear;
Thus Infants are by *Jesus Christ*
Most kindly blest, embrac'd and Kifs'd.

VII.

Are not the Joys of God above
Giv'n to the Children of his Love;
Who'll ever see his holy Face,
Must here become a Child of Grace.

VIII.

Be thou like *Christ*, that blessed Child,
Most pious, innocent and mild;
Whose early Vertue throve apace,
Obedience learnt the Son of Grace.

IX.

God glorify his Child in thee
His Spirit guide thy Infancy
To learn by true Experience
To follow *Christ* is real Sence.

X. OF

X.

Of what he suffer'd, did, and said,
 Thou hast more Profit than he had;
 'Twas thine eternal Misery
 That he became a Child like thee.

XI.

If thou conform'st thy Mind to His
 Thou art entitled to that Bliss,
 Which this incarnate God regain'd
 For all, orig'nal Sin had stain'd.

XII.

Sleep now my Dear! and take thy Rest,
 But shou'd thy riper Years be blest,
 Then grow in Wisdom Day and Night,
 Till thou attain'st th' eternal Light.

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